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## Events of the Week.

A GRAVE event has happened in Petrograd. The Maximalists, now in command of the Soviet, have organized a revolt with the connivance of the garrison, seized the Government offices, including the Marie Palace, where the Preliminary Parliament is sitting, captured the wires, and issued to Russia and the world a proclamation declaring for "an immediate democratic peace." The soldiers are forbidden to leave the ranks, a touch of Jacobin sternness, but their officers are to be "watched." The internal policy is to carry out the rural programme of Tchernoff, the real *crux* of the situation, make over the large estates to the peasants, and summon a Constituent Assembly. Thus the revolution, following precedent, has already devoured the first of its children. The Maximalists may be unseated at a less cost than that of a bloody civil war. But we must not count on this. The Maximalists were never a strong party in Russia. But behind them stands the much greater war-weariness party. For the moment revolutionary Russia is out of all Alliances and Conventions, military or civil. In our view, she need never have been brought to this pass. She might never have reached it had Mr. Henderson's entreaties and counsels been listened to. But at that critical hour England was in the hands of a Government without sympathy, and a Press destitute of the power to think, feel, or know. The "Post" has

got what it asked for. Kerensky is destroyed. But it wanted to restore the Tsar. Instead, it has the Maximalists. The situation is grave; the nation must meet it with firmness and intelligence.

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THE disaster was not without its portents. A few days earlier M. Kerensky made to an American interviewer a statement which reflected the depression and exhaustion of Russia. "She is now worn out by the strain, and claims as her right that the Allies should now shoulder the burden." This statement certainly did not mean that the Government, which has now fallen, was contemplating a separate peace, but it did mean that the burden of economic distress was becoming intolerable, and that Russia might henceforth be little more than a passive factor in the Alliance. M. Bourtschew's newspaper had been suppressed for stating that the War Minister, General Verkhovsky, had proposed the conclusion of a separate peace, but though the statement was denied, the General was relieved of his functions and has retired to the country. A speech by M. Terestchenko, so badly reported as to be nearly unintelligible, reflected the unshaken loyalty of the Foreign Minister to the Entente. Its most significant passage was the statement that the neutralization of the Dardanelles would be a satisfactory solution only if Europe adopted complete disarmament. The Soviet meanwhile passed urgent resolutions for an immediate general peace. The Government and the Soviet were both preparing for the Allied War-Aims Conference in Paris, naming their delegates and drafting instructions. We do not know what happened when Russia learned that Mr. Bonar Law had stated that the Paris Conference would not deal with war-aims at all. But we can guess.

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On Tuesday Mr. Lees Smith moved the following amendment to the third reading of the Consolidated Fund Bill:—

"That this House is of opinion that, provided that satisfactory guarantees can be obtained with regard to the independence and restoration of Belgium and the evacuation of other occupied territory, no obstacle should be placed in the way of preliminaries towards negotiations for a peace settlement which ought to embody an equitable solution of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine, and the devising and enforcement of effective international machinery for the avoidance of future wars."

Mr. Balfour answered this plea for negotiation on terms by an analysis of "points," without supplying what was wanted—a statement of war-aims. However, he gave one or two clues. He denied that there was an agreement to take "admittedly German territory," or "dictate" to Germany what her form of government was to be. But we desired a Europe free from military menace, and so "re-arranged" that its peoples could live "under the forms of government which they desire." He repudiated Imperialistic aims, but hinted at changes in Armenia and Arabia, and a reduced Turkish Empire, at an enlarged Roumania and Serbia, as well as at the restoration to France of Alsace-Lorraine. He thought a Conference in blank useless, and Germany indisposed to a good peace; but he hardly even hinted at an international

settlement. Thus our statesmanship ambles along, "re-mapping" the old Europe instead of making the new.

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THE military news of the week has been strangely mingled. The Germans have recognized the inevitable on the Aisne and have evacuated positions which were too costly to hold, and they have been forced off the rest of the Ridge positions east of Ypres, all but the detached outliers on the flank of Houthulst Forest; General Allenby has followed up his success at Beersheba by the capture of Gaza; and General Cadorna has abandoned the line of the Tagliamento. As a mere military operation the culmination of the Ypres offensive will probably rank as most important; but the immediate moral and political reactions of the continued invasion of Italy may have a graver effect upon the situation. A semi-official explanation of the Italian defeat now definitely attributes the rupture of the Isonzo front to "a small portion of the Italian troops having become affected by treasonable intrigue and refusing to fight." On the front of the main attack "literally no resistance was made, and the enemy's troops marched, practically without firing a shot, a distance of about twelve miles in the first day." This explanation reveals a grave state of affairs, and though it was clear from the beginning that there was little or no resistance between Plezzo and Tolmino, it is necessary that we should know the true cause of the breakdown.

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ON the eighth day of the offensive—Thursday, November 1st—the Third Army had fallen back, covered by rearguards, to the Lower Tagliamento, and the Second Army had reached the upper course of the river. The disaffected portion was very small, apparently, though large enough to open a gap in the Italian lines; but the remainder of the armies fell back stubbornly. They tried to hold bridgeheads at Pinzano, Dignano, and Codriopo, but all were captured, and some three divisions are reported to have been cut off at the crossing at Latisana. On this day the Germans claimed 180,000 prisoners and 1,500 guns. During Friday even the enemy were driven to readjustment, and though the armies were in contact, there was a breathing space. There were no longer any Italian troops on the east of the Tagliamento. During the night an enemy attack was made in the Trentino; but it was beaten off with loss, and the lull in the operations extended over Saturday and Sunday. The following day, however, the enemy crossed the Tagliamento, where it leaves the mountains, about Pinzano, and made rapid progress eastward. The wedge was quickly driven home, and with the help of subsidiary attacks on the Lower and Middle Tagliamento, the enemy compelled the Italians to withdraw once more.

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It seems incredible, but it is an actual fact that the Tagliamento was almost in flood, a dangerous torrent, when the Italians were crossing it; but by Tuesday the waters sank and the enemy profited. The retirement which was carried out on Tuesday only went as far as the Livenza, a stream which flows between the Piave and Tagliamento, and loses itself in the first rising ground to the north. The line of the Livenza continued to the north would cut across the Upper Piave near Belluno, and would reach the Italian frontier about Colbricon. The German report states that the mountain line to this point has been evacuated. It seems reasonable to suppose that it has been; but if it is the fact, we must be prepared for further readjustments. The Livenza is only a temporary arrest. Indeed, it hardly seems probable that the Piave will provide a permanent line. The Trentino positions in its rear would undermine its strength. The only reassuring features of the struggle are the increasing order of the Italian dispositions; but an army that has suffered such a reverse wants time to reform completely, and for this reason General Cadorna will probably pause and draw what rest he can from each of the river lines intersecting his line of retreat.

THE Chiefs of the French and British Staff, Generals Foch and Sir William Robertson, have been at Cadorna's headquarters since Monday, and the continued withdrawal must therefore be taken to have received their approval. British and French troops were also entering Italy on Monday, and were received with great enthusiasm. Their rôle is more moral than military. General Cadorna has plenty of troops, plenty, even, of disciplined and courageous troops. But the finest soldiers deteriorate in a continued and apparently ineffectual retreat. The Allied troops which go from the West carry with them the memory of a now assured ascendancy over the Germans, and that spirit will be of value to the Italians. But Cadorna's greatest need must be guns and transport material, and these are harder to supply. It is possible that the whole province of Venetia may have to be abandoned before the invasion is really brought to a standstill. We trust that the Allies may be able to arrest the advance before this, but the situation is grave, and if the mountain line had to be evacuated to Colbricon, there is no obvious reason why a stand should be made until the Adige is reached.

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GENERAL PETAIN has not had to wait long for the fruits of his brilliant little stroke at the elbow of the line on the Western Front. The French had thrown the Germans across the Ailette south-west of Laon, and on Thursday night, "unnoticed and undisturbed," the enemy withdrew from the Chemin des Dames heights up to Craonne. For six months the Germans had made a struggle rivalling that of Verdun to arrest the French advance in this region. Their losses must have been almost as heavy as on the Meuse. Yet in the end they were compelled to withdraw on a front of 12½ miles. The French on Friday crossed the ridge and advanced down the northern side, and forced the Germans to cross the Ailette. In the ten days from the beginning of the French offensive at Malmaison they had captured 200 heavy and field guns, 222 trench guns, and 720 machine guns. This alone constitutes a considerable gain, but the success means more. The enemy is now brought within view of another great retreat on the Western Front. The defences of Laon—and consequently of the present line on the Western Front—are the Forest of St. Gobain, now closely invested by the French positions, the high ground west of the Laon-Soissons road, and the ridge above the Ailette. The Laon-Soissons road runs through a gap between the high ground east and west, and the French positions look up this gap.

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FOR the moment the Germans have improved their positions. They were made intolerable by Pétain's last stroke, which gave him a clear view up the Ailette Valley. But though the retirement constitutes an immediate gain, it simply accentuates the critical nature of the German position on the Aisne front. The French have observation over both ends of the ridge north of the Ailette. They partly outflank the forest of St. Gobain from the south, and they can obtain a clear view of the approaches to Laon. The genius of the French stroke was that it struck at a sensitive position on the German lines. And the general nature of the lines is not much bettered. Locally, the Germans secure improved conditions. Strategically, the problem of maintaining themselves in France has become more clear cut. They are now fighting on their inner defences, and these are much inferior to those which three years' occupation had made so formidable. The last few days of their tenure of the northern slopes of the Aisne heights had to be supported by supplies brought by aeroplane, so searching was the French bombardment of their communications. It is almost incredible that they should have stood so long, and a continuance of such conditions is beyond human nature.

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It is this point that throws into just relief the heroic struggle for the ridge east of Ypres. The German critics show themselves nervous about the possibilities of

Verdun. The Laon sector is now an added preoccupation. It is on a front sensitive in several places like those that the Allies for three months have been delivering their heaviest blows. The Ypres offensive for that time has been occupying the bulk of the German strength in the West, and yet the week has seen it win the last considerable positions on the ridge. Passchendaele, entered and abandoned, taken and lost, has now been finally secured, with the two villages on the crest to its north-west. The Canadians had the honor of the capture of the position, and we are glad to hear that their losses were light. Only 400 prisoners were taken, and the explanation of so small a capture suggests rather the desperation of the fighting than the weakness of the defence. The British position is now immensely improved, and that of the enemy as much weakened.

GENERAL ALLENBY has carried his successful offensive a stage farther by the capture of Gaza. Last week he seized Beersheba, at the eastern end of the Turkish positions; but without weakening his pressure in that direction he has been able to increase it at Gaza. On the night of Friday, November 1st, the British, using tanks and assisted by gunfire from the sea, captured 5,000 yards of the outer trench defences of Gaza. On Monday night there seems to have been a general attack along the whole front, and the British were eleven miles north of Beersheba, and in possession of the fortified position at Khuweilfeh. The Turkish centre had also been driven in, and on the following day Gaza fell. The position now is one of great interest. General Allenby has shown that he intends to continue his offensive, and he has the troops and *matériel* to achieve success. Those who accuse the British of striking ever at the enemy's strong point have to remember this field, where the Germans will be forced to bring help if the British successes are developed much further. General Maude, it is to be noticed, is acting in close co-operation with General Allenby, and by a sharp little attack has, during the week, driven the Turks farther up the Tigris.

A BRITISH naval detachment on Saturday attacked the German auxiliary cruiser, "Maria," accompanying a number of patrol vessels in the Kattegat. The scene suggests some interesting speculations, and it is reported that the British ships were mine-sweeping. Whatever may have been their occupation, they speedily dealt with the German squadron. The auxiliary cruiser was destroyed, and also ten patrol vessels. Sixty-four prisoners were rescued by our forces, and fifteen were landed from a Danish vessel at Copenhagen. One of the patrol vessels, which had been severely damaged by gunfire, was towed into a Swedish port on Tuesday. It had been abandoned by its small crew. Another naval operation on the same day brought to light the fact that the Germans have been experimenting with an electrically-controlled vessel off Belgium. Many types of such vessels have been tried, but so far they have not justified their building. The vessel off Belgium was sunk by a British patrol, and three others have been accounted for during the war. The whole question of the type of vessels used by the modern Navy is now in a state of flux. Larger vessels even than the "Queen Elizabeth" are reported to be under construction, and lighter ones even than the early submarines are being used experimentally. While these latter have so far had no success, the greater ones have still to prove their usefulness.

COUNT HERTLING, after hesitations which gave rise to the belief that he had withdrawn from the difficult task, has accepted the German Chancellorship. For a definite judgment on his policy and his Ministry we must wait until he meets the Reichstag. The leaders of the Majority seem to have bargained with him before he accepted the appointment. They obtained from him the promise of his support for the July peace resolutions, an undertaking to carry through the reform of the Prussian franchise, and some assurances that the political censorship will be discontinued. "Vorwärts" states that he has also explained away his opposition

to the autonomy of Alsace, which he undoubtedly had wished to dismember. There is no reason to suppose that he has modified his opposition to the idea of responsible Parliamentary government: he always stood by the old federal constitution, and was jealous to preserve the rights of the Bundesrat, which represents the Governments of the Federal States, as against the Reichstag, which represents the population.

FEW Press comments have reached London as yet, but apparently the Junkers are fiercely opposed to a Chancellor who is neither a Prussian, nor a Protestant, nor a bureaucrat. The Progressives, on the other hand, are doubtful, for while his attitude on peace may satisfy them, his Conservatism is not to their liking. Herr von Helfferich has fallen with Dr. Michaelis, and Herr von Payer, the Radical leader, enters the Ministry. A less reassuring appointment was that of Herr Friedberg, a National Liberal capitalist, to the Prussian Ministry, which has apparently fallen through. The fall of Dr. Michaelis is undoubtedly a decided success for the Reichstag, but the choice of Count Hertling is only a half-success. The movement is in the right direction, but it is still incomplete, in spite of the fact that, for the first time in the Empire's history, a Parliamentarian becomes Chancellor.

THE American and Japanese Governments have just concluded an understanding of great significance in regard to China. It is expressed not in a treaty, but in an exchange of letters, and is confined to two points. America recognizes "that Japan has a special interest in China, particularly in that part to which its possessions are contiguous." Both Governments recognize the independence of China, its integrity, and "the so-called open door," and disclaim any intention of discriminating against the trade of other nations. Diplomatic history is strewn with such understandings, and events usually reveal the radical contradictions which their technical terminology barely conceals. America has conceded to Japan a privileged position, which may amount to a sort of protectorate over China. There is to be no tariff against non-Japanese goods, but Japan will claim, presumably, priority where capital concessions are concerned, and a first voice in guiding China's political development. This will rank as one of the chief results of the world-war, and it seems to veto any real prospect of an international regulation of Chinese affairs. Mr. Lansing's covering statements reveals the motives for this immense surrender. It will "frustrate Germany's efforts to split the Allied countries," and will "relieve the increasingly critical situation." This seems to be a fairly plain way of saying that unless America had recognized Japan's privileged position in China, Germany's efforts to detach her from the Entente might have succeeded. Is it that Japan remains in the Entente, and that her price is China? That would be a large price for a negative rôle.

THERE is growing anxiety as to some unexpected and rather devastating results of the Food Controller's activities, and of the Government's varied interferences with British trade. Mr. Runciman showed last week how the stroke of genius which forbade the farmer to sell his potatoes at less than £6 a ton was operating in a market which was quite ready to buy and sell at the "natural" price of about £3 10s. Apparently, the only remedy is to let the potatoes go and recoup the farmer—say, at a further expenditure of ten millions sterling, a trifle which we can well spare. But that is not all. British traders are becoming seriously alarmed at the way the Government not only ignore them, but are actually helping competitors—*e.g.*, the Japanese—to replace them. Equally dangerous has been the cutting down of prices of imported goods to levels at which the growers find it more profitable to sell in other markets where the prices are higher. What our merchants and traders want is a closer association of their own representatives with control departments in which a good deal of mere amateurism and ignorance prevails.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE VOICE OF ENGLAND.

THOSE who watch the darkening heavens for a sign will discern a spot of light there. A grave military misfortune has befallen one of our Allies. But the invasion of Italy re-establishes a great historic association. The best thought of England in a not glorious period of her foreign policy was given to the Italian Risorgimento. The unity of Italy was neither desired nor promoted by the British Court, nor by some British statesmanship. But it was the cause of our people, of our poets and idealists, and of the best of our political leaders, it created a fine comradeship of arms, and it inspired some glorious passages in our literature. That is the England to whom the idea of a second Austrian occupation of Venice comes as a blow in the face. With some ambitions of Italian Imperialism many British Liberals have found it impossible to sympathise. But in face of the Austro-German advance the current of aggressive polity naturally loses itself in the broad stream of the national defence. A second Germanization of Italy would be an unthinkable end to the war, even if all that is at once generous and prudent in British and in French opinion were not instantly rallied against it. The alliance of the spirit which gave a common cult of heroes and apostles of freedom to British and Italian Liberalism loosened a little in the days of Italy's expansion. It is re-knit in the hour of her peril.

Well would it have been for Europe and for this country if the England that hailed the Italian Risorgimento had been allowed to welcome and sustain the Russian Revolution. We do not say that such an England exists no longer, for we believe that she will wake in the hour that calls for her. But it was to a very different England that democratic Russia, now fallen into hands resolute to break the tie that the first Revolution sustained, addressed the note of disillusionment, and even of despair, which was her answer to the disparagement of our Press, and to our statesmen's misunderstanding of her policy. Kerensky's last message to Washington need not be strained too far, and to-day it is pathetically out of date. But on almost any reading of it, it was a cry of reproach to our diplomacy. We wish we could add that it was undeserved. But how stands the Anglo-Russian account which opened with the dethronement of Nicholas II.? British charity to the *lâches* of his civil and military administration knew no bounds. But it was sharply withdrawn from his successor. Revolutionary Russia of the Kerensky period can always plead with justice that if she was not a fortunate comrade of her Allies, she was at least an honest one. The vile Government which she destroyed contained elements of downright treachery to the Alliance. Its territorial demands were always exorbitant. No such charge lay against its successor. In May last the late German Chancellor offered Russia a separate peace, based on a tolerably plain suggestion of territorial integrity and even of financial help. The tender was rebuffed. That was not all. The Revolution hastened to proclaim its disinterestedness. The (to us) embarrassing demand of a Russian Constantinople dropped out of the revolutionary programme. Russia asked for nothing, and declared that, to the best of her powers, she was willing to fight on. Only she pleaded that there were bounds to her endurance and that if an honor-

able and a reasonably early peace were possible, we should use our endeavors to bring it about. With that view she favored the two expedients of a Stockholm Conference, and the revision and definition of the war-aims of the Alliance. Mr. Henderson, our special envoy at Petrograd, brought back a strong case for Stockholm, and backed it with his personal conviction and authority. Not only was it repelled, but our Government would not even allow Russia the credit of knowing her own mind about it. Now, again, the door has been shut on a Conference for the re-statement of war-aims. Mr. George makes a promise of such a Conference, and commends it in unequivocal terms, only for Mr. Law to cancel it, and to substitute a mere consultation on strategy for the political council for which all Russia was calling. Her anxiety for such a deliberation was natural and patriotic; for when our statesmen define the objects of the Allies, they place not only the restoration of Belgium, but the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France, before the evacuation of Russian territory, while French statesmanship and British journalism hasten to add a demand for the left bank of the Rhine. Was it immaterial for Russia, with the enemy at her gates, to ask what was her place in these arrangements? If she added a complaint of the absence of the British Fleet from the Baltic, she did an injustice to the spirit and the strategy of the Alliance. But it is the curse of suspicion that it breeds downright injustice of view. It was the business of free England to establish a noble and helpful relationship with emancipated Russia. A blight has fallen on that promise. From whose hand?

From the hand of our Press. Hardly was a revolutionary Government installed in Petrograd than the "Times" and its satellites and the "Morning Post" and its imitators set themselves to discredit it. And not they alone. A few days ago a French writer was allowed to describe the revolutionary forces in a Sunday newspaper as a set of lunatics led by rascals. Open arms were offered to a Russian General who professed allegiance to the Tsar. The Tsar's rule, though "evil, corrupt, and incompetent," just suited Russia, argued the "Post," and "90 per cent." of the Russian people wished him back, the rest being made up of "hooligans and riff-raff," and "workmen who do not work." In Tsardom, at least, was something firm and "real" to set against the "hideous nightmares" of revolutionary thought. All its fruits in government had been bad, made up, as were the first three Ministries, of the "same objectionable people." The "Times" contrasted the "heroic onslaughts" of the Italian Army with the inconstancy of the Russian forces, and declared that Russia had suffered in a fortnight from the Soviet a hundredfold more than from a century of tyranny by the Ohkrana. Both the "Times" and the "Post" speculated eagerly in Korniloff's success, and hailed him as a deliverer—from what? From democracy, answered the "Post," re-stringing its ancient bow to "win the war" against it. The war fought to "make democracy safe!" What nonsense! If that were the issue, said the "Post," "we should begin to question whether it were worth fighting" at all.

This, and much more, was the message of favored British journalism to Russia struggling to be free, barely escaped from the Middle Ages, and enmeshed in the toils laid for her during centuries of Tsardom. During all this period she was our Ally, striving to maintain immense armies in the field, and at least holding nearly as many German divisions as confronted our own troops in the West. Her effort awoke the sympathies of an almost unreported chorus of democracy at home. But the fact remains that revolutionary Russia was cold-shouldered by our directing



classes and cruelly assailed by the Press which has contrived to palm off its harsh prejudice as if it were the authentic voice of England. Now, in the hour of the Maximalist triumph which their folly prepared, our statesmen must measure the price of that misdirection. They might have drawn fresh nourishment from the spirit that with its inevitable failures and weaknesses was a natural foe of German militarism. Is that a negligible loss? Not to him who examines the state of neutral opinion in Europe in the light of a patriotic anxiety to see England stand well with the world, and her free spirit and institutions gain their moral triumph over autocratic soldiering. There is time to regain this lost ground, but no more than time enough. Mr. Balfour missed the opportunity of his life when, met with a moderate resolution in favor of peace, he brushed aside its plea for re-examining and re-stating the policy of the Allies in the hour when the double Russian Revolution and the entry of America have made re-statement inevitable. "England," he might have said, "entered into a war, which she neither made nor desired, for no selfish object, unless the freedom of Belgium be called one. She could not see a militarist Germany enthroned in Europe, and France at her feet. But her Empire is enough for her; and if her magnificent armies have made those three political objects safe, she seeks only one blessing more for herself and for humanity. She desires to add no rood of land to her Empire, nor a farthing to her wealth, nor a line to her tariffs, nor an exclusive privilege to her traders, nor a note of needless embitterment and estrangement to State society after the war. She therefore pledges her aid to the effort to create a form of international government under which Peace shall at last rest on Law. That for her is the end of the war, and there is no other."

Such a word remains unspoken. But it is the word for which the whole world waits.

### STRATEGY, STATECRAFT, AND SANITY.

THE country has more reason to be disturbed by certain recent movements in the Press than by the military results of Ludendorff's *coup* on the Upper Isonzo. The enemy have taken a great number of prisoners and a vast quantity of material; and they have nullified in less than a week the efforts of months of labor in the battle-zone. But none of these results may prove quite so acceptable to Germany as the extraordinary reaction in the British Press. In the spring of this year we were taken to task for mildly suggesting that British Generals were not infallible. Now, even that part of the Press which takes a "responsible" view of the war is writing as though they were imbeciles, and that the impromptu notions of our hand-to-mouth politicians can replace their strategy. Some of them are to be broken, a fate which we would rather reserve for a selected bevy of our politicians. The general thesis is that politicians should not only be in charge of grand strategy, but even that they are competent to direct it, and the example of warrior-statesmen like Napoleon (!) is suggested to support this interesting contention. For a final proof of the proposition that the civilian is as fitted to direct strategy as the soldier, these newspapers have provided a rough sketch of the sort of thing they require. All we can say is that their scheme of war should raise the liveliest hope in the breasts of the German Staff.

The campaign began, we are sorry to say, in the most admirable daily paper in England—perhaps in the

world—the "Manchester Guardian." The writer in the "Guardian" admitted that "some professional mysteries there are in war." But he went on to temper his impression by the reservation that "for the most part the talents that make for success in war are just those that make for success in civil occupations." It was, of course, the exact converse that had to be proved; but one forgets this oversight in one's amazement at the development of the theme. "The soldier," we learn, "has been encroaching on the field of politics," and the "men on the spot in Flanders dominated the General Staff, and the General Staff dominated the statesmen, who alone were able to take a wide view of the whole of our national needs in this war. The present calamities in Italy are one manifestation of this error." A little bewilderment here is pardonable. For if the statesmen "alone were able" to see things whole, how could they, like the General Staff, have been dominated? And since the writer has already informed us that it is the rôle of the General Staff *not* to be dominated by any particular commander, we take it that the "Manchester Guardian" wishes to get rid of our most trusted soldier, Sir William Robertson. Logically, it should also insist on discharging the statesmen who were likewise dominated. Of this however, there is no word. We are simply urged to "strengthen the political control," and to "strengthen the General Staff." Presumably there is something in this second recommendation if, as the writer insists, we have "persistently gone on the plan of attacking where the enemy was strongest." The "Observer," which usually rides its horse to death, by way of illustrating its theory of less military control, writes a stimulating essay on the golden results which the enemy has reaped by trusting to his soldiers. But what is good for Germans is not good for us. It was just this trusting to the soldiers, this "extreme Westernism," which was responsible for the accession of Bulgaria to the enemy, for the disasters to Serbia, and Roumania, for the Russian "troubles," and, of course, for the Italian defeat. It is the "Times," however, which really brings balm to the troubled breast. From an article in which the case for both sides is stated with equal incoherence we learn that we have to trust everybody, soldier and politician. Strategy and statecraft are both in the best possible hands.

So far as we can discover any intelligible purpose in this campaign, it is that we should give *carte blanche* to the politicians, who in the intervals of rest from their statesmanship are able to master a minor science like strategy. We are bidden to entrust to a body of men who may have no knowledge of military history or of strategy decisions which may not be taken by men whose life-work has been the study of these subjects. There is, of course, a general soundness in the broad proposition that in the last resort the politicians must decide. We have entrusted to them the governance and protection of the country. We cannot allow the military to achieve the final control without sacrificing the principle of democracy and without great danger to our liberty. But the general rule is subject to the qualification that in the matter of war, as in every other specialized department, the Government shall ask and abide by the advice of its best specialist advisers. There may be times, of course, when a Government may inherit advisers who represent old-fashioned views. In these cases it will be its duty to appoint fresh advisers, more in touch with the needs of the hour. But when the vast majority of specialists, both British and Allied, are agreed upon a course, and the general lines of a campaign have been laid down accordingly, it is folly for statesmen to force

their happy thoughts into the elaborate mechanism of strategy.

The Italian defeat was not attributable to faulty Allied strategy. It may have been partly due to oversights in Italian strategy. But it cannot be laid at the door of "extreme Westernism," much less of the soldiers. In so far as it has any reference to strategy, it might be taken to prove the need of a unified General Staff. But this must be the creation of our statesmen, who, so far, have not succeeded in bringing the Allies sufficiently together, and have assimilated neither their political aims nor their military methods. Indeed, as we begin to examine this indictment of "Westernism," we find the heads of the charge far more truly attributable to errors and weaknesses in statesmanship than to the faults of the soldiers. Bulgaria ought never to have been allowed to become our enemy. Roumania should never have been betrayed by the Russian autocracy. Russia is even at this moment being lost to the Allies through a policy which might be even considered calculated, did we not know the want of sympathy and imagination which is responsible for it. The submarine campaign was the choice of the German soldiers; but the cold indifference to Russia was the choice of our politicians. And we gain little from the military blunders of the enemy if we are to lose the help of a powerful Ally through the political blunders of our statesmen. Why then should we give a blank cheque as to military affairs to men who have made almost every conceivable mistake in internal and external affairs? The people have every right to insist that the Government abide by the decisions of soldiers so long as they maintain them at the head of our armies.

And let us return to sanity. We have confidence in the Western offensive, not because it strikes at the strongest point of the enemy, but because with the least total expenditure of all our resources *we can deal the heaviest blow at his main armies where they are strategically weakest*. What folly, when we find the front door giving, to abandon the pressure, go round to the back garden, and try to climb the wall! In Flanders the German main armies lie nearest to their Fatherland. The "Manchester Guardian" has been telling us that the Germans know now that they cannot hold Belgium. If that be true, this is not the hour to divert our main line of pressure. And we need not depreciate our soldiers so much. Germany, since September, 1914, has achieved in the West nothing comparable to our successes. We maintained our front against her maximum pressure. She cannot stand against ours. Already she has made one strategic retreat, and, if we are to believe the able and interesting writer who suggests the withdrawal of control from the military, our Flanders offensive has already convinced her that she must make another. If that is not reason enough for abiding by the decisions of the soldiers, it is at least good enough to suggest the wisdom of not deciding without them.

#### THE APPOINTMENT OF COUNT HERTLING.

THE fiat of the "Times" has gone forth. "The Reichstag has no cause to exult in the outcome of the crisis or to deplore it, for the reason that the Reichstag has had nothing to do with it." This would, on the face of it, be an excellent *à priori* reason for supposing that the Reichstag was wholly responsible for the selection of Count Hertling. But instead of taking this short cut to the truth, we may examine the facts. The Reichstag had nothing to do with the outcome of the crisis, says the "Times." Who, then, had anything to do with it? Not

the Crown Prince, who this time was not consulted; not the Higher Command, who this time appeared on the scene only after the appointment had been made; not the pan-Germans, for their candidate was von Bülow. It must, indeed, have been the Kaiser himself. And Hertling's first attempt to find a majority of the Reichstag to support him, his failure, and then von Kühlmann's assiduous explanations with the Reichstag party leaders (reported by the "Times" itself), his acceptance on Hertling's behalf of their conditions, and Hertling's final acceptance of office? No; all this is illusion. The Reichstag had nothing to do with it, and anyone who dares to assert anything to the contrary is a "crypto-pacifist"—an English Bolo.

We risk proscription and go to the facts. It was the Reichstag which declared Michaelis impossible. It was in the Reichstag that he showed himself impossible. It was the leaders of the Majority parties in the Reichstag who, together with the National Liberals, combined to draw up conditions upon the acceptance of which by the candidate selected they made their support of him depend. It was the Reichstag leaders who demanded that this should be done before and not after the appointment was made. It was the Reichstag which first rejected Hertling because he would not accept their conditions, and then accepted him because he had changed his mind.

Consider for a moment the appointment of Michaelis in July. The Reichstag leaders were asked by the Crown Prince what was their attitude to Bethmann-Hollweg. The Conservatives, the National-Liberals, and the Centre would have none of him; the Progressives were lukewarm and the Socialists positively frigid. Bethmann went. The next thing that the Reichstag knew was that Michaelis had been appointed. The Reichstag, indeed, had little enough to do with the solution of the July crisis. Negatively, it was called upon to confirm the decision taken already by the Crown Prince and other irresponsible quarters: positively, a Chancellor was dropped from the clouds on to its head.

In October, when Michaelis had shown himself impossible, the Socialists formally voted their censure of him. When the Reichstag had adjourned, von Payer, the Progressive leader, and Trimborn, the acting leader of the Centre, were despatched separately to tell the Chancellor that they had no hope of being able to work with him successfully in the future. At this point a great effort was made by Erzberger, Stresemann, Georg Bernhard (of the "Vossische Zeitung"), and the pan-German Press to stampede the Reichstag parties into putting forward von Bülow as their own candidate. But the Progressives and the Socialists were strongly opposed, and the bulk of the Centre stood firm against Erzberger's intrigues. The Reichstag parties, as a whole, took up the strong and constitutional position that while they did not in any degree propose to limit the Kaiser's constitutional right of nominating his own Chancellor, they did propose that the candidate, before his appointment, should be asked to subscribe to certain conditions of policy. Unless he subscribed to them he would get no majority in the Reichstag. While Michaelis settled with the military first, and spent three lively months in having it out with the Reichstag, Hertling settled with the Reichstag first, and may very well spend a good deal more than three months having it out with the military. The Reichstag has had, *for the first time*, a positive and deciding voice in the initial solution of a Chancellor crisis.

We have not the least desire to represent that the Parliamentary system has begun in Germany. But it is of the utmost importance to recognize that if the arrangement negotiated between the Chancellor and the leaders of the National-Liberals, the Centre, the Progressives,

and the Socialists on the last two days of October had been kept, the Reichstag would have gained as much control as is desired by its majority. This arrangement consisted in the acceptance by the Chancellor of a programme of four items—the carrying through without delay of the reform of the Prussian Franchise, the abolition of the political censorship and the modification of the "State of Siege," the restoration of the right of meeting and combination, and a foreign policy conducted on the lines of the German reply to the Papal Note, and the appointment of the prominent members of the National Liberals and Progressives to high office, as "personal guarantees." Such was the initial solution of the Chancellor crisis. It now appears that the Right, fully recognizing the importance of the Reichstag's victory if that solution had been maintained, has already been successful in upsetting it. That means a new situation, and in all probability a new crisis. But had the situation reached on November 1st been final, we should probably have had to face a Germany in which the Jingo and reactionaries had been isolated, and which was convinced in its own mind that it had made known to the enemy its readiness for a reasonable peace.

Since the war began, Hertling has been perhaps the chief among the influential supporters of the policy of Bethmann-Hollweg. In August, 1916, he checkmated a very serious attempt made by the Pan-Germans to mobilize the reactionary particularism of a powerful section of the Bavarian Centre in order to overthrow the then Chancellor; and it was he, who, as President of the Bundesrat Committee for Foreign Affairs, at the critical moment had a strong vote of confidence in Bethmann passed and published. It was he who, last May, acted as mediator between Berlin and Vienna\* after Czernin had entered upon his peace policy, and it was he, who on his return from Vienna, caused to be inserted, with Bethmann's connivance, in the official Bavarian organ an article proving that indemnities would be worthless to Germany even if she could get them, as compared to agreements guaranteeing her a certain supply of raw materials. The appearance of this article was the signal for the final abandonment of all official propaganda in favor of an indemnity. Under the Michaelis régime, he has strongly seconded the policy of von Kühlmann. So far as peace policy is concerned, there will be neither forcing nor friction. He is already on the common ground of the Reichstag Majority.

In domestic affairs he is, like the Bavarian Centre as a whole, opposed to the introduction of the Parliamentary system of government into the Empire, because he is afraid that the preciously guarded particular rights of Bavaria will suffer under a completely centralized political system; and in this view there is little doubt that he has the support of a majority of the Reichstag itself. He advocates the partition of Alsace-Lorraine between Prussia and Bavaria, but in this matter "Vorwärts" assures us that he has accepted the conditions of the Reichstag Left, who desire that Alsace-Lorraine should be created a Federal State on a parity with the others. More remarkable, he seems also to have accepted their conditions with regard to the political censorship and the "Belagerungszustand" or state of siege, by which practically all civil liberties are confided to the tender mercies of the German military, save in Bavaria, which is safeguarded in this respect by one of its most valuable rights. The Reichstag Left demanded that this wretched system should be abolished or at least essentially modified; and Hertling accepted their demand.

In other words, unlike any other German Chancellor since Chancellors began, Hertling had to make himself safe with the Left as an essential preliminary to taking office. And, precisely because he has had to do this it is unlikely that the Chancellor crisis is over. As far as one can see at present, the National Liberals, among whom are to be found Bülow's principal supporters, made a bargain with von Kühlmann, by which they agreed to give up their opposition to Hertling on condition that Friedberg, the leader of the whole party,

should be appointed Hertling's deputy as Prussian Minister President. On the other hand, the Left, Progressives and Socialists, made it a condition that von Payer, the Progressive leader, should be appointed to Helfferich's post of Vice-Chancellor. Now, according to English ideas, von Payer is a Liberal, and Friedberg certainly is not. But, compared to a Prussian Conservative, Friedberg is Liberal, and the consequence of his appointment would be that the National Liberals of the Prussian Diet would support the Franchise Reform Bill; while von Payer's presence at Hertling's side as Vice-Chancellor would mean that the Left would be able to exert a certain amount of steady pressure through the Chancellor on the Prussian Government to make it energetic in pushing through the reform of the Prussian franchise.

The Prussian Junkers will resist this change in the political situation with all their might. They could reconcile themselves to a peace-Chancellor if the Bill for the reform of the franchise were left to them; and they will bring all the tremendous influence which they possess among the *entourage* of the Kaiser, in order to prevent, in the first place, von Payer's appointment, and, in the second, that of Friedberg. The latest reports indicate that they have already achieved their first object by having the post of Vice-Chancellor abolished; it is also reported that Friedberg has declined his appointment because of Hertling's failure to keep his engagement with von Payer. Such honesty would be remarkable in a National Liberal leader, and it is quite as likely that the National Liberals see a chance, now that the Left is embittered, of overthrowing Hertling altogether, and slipping Bülow in, after all. The crisis is by no means over yet, and it continues precisely because the Reichstag played a greater part in its first solution than any Reichstag before it. The Junker "camarilla" will use every means to retrieve its own defeat. If it wins there will be more crises of steadily increasing intensity; if it loses, the Entente may have to face a really united Germany.

#### THE CHURCHES AND PEACE.

AN interesting announcement appeared in some of the daily papers this week, to the effect that the Archbishop of Upsala and the Bishops of Christiania and Copenhagen have invited representatives of the great religious communities in belligerent countries to an international conference at Upsala on the occasion of the meeting which will be held there on December 14th of neutral delegates of the "Universal Union of the Churches for International Friendship." This union is said to have been founded at Constance at the beginning of the war in 1914.

The proposed meeting would seem to be a tardy recognition of the fact that the Christian Church, as a whole, has signally failed to exercise any appreciable influence on the events of the last three years. It has obviously failed to preserve peace, and has made no serious effort to restore it. Nor, apparently, have the Governments of Europe ever taken it into serious consideration. What Mr. Lecky called "the decline of the religious sentiment" has never been more patent than during the period since the war began. It is true, of course, that we have heard a good deal of religious language both from the Kaiser and many of his enemies in this country; but, in their case as in his, the appeal seems to be made to a local or national deity rather than to one who "made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth." So also, beyond doubt, the Christian religion, in a better form, has brought help and consolation to large numbers of individuals in times of peril and loss—but so far as international relations are concerned it appears to be utterly unimportant and, indeed, universally ignored.

If we inquire into the cause of this state of affairs we shall find it, partially at any rate, in the "unhappy divisions" of Christendom. There is no common authority to which an appeal can be made, or which can

\* See "The New Policy of Austria," THE NATION, May 19th, 1917; and "Vienna, Berlin, and Peace," THE NATION, June 2nd, 1917.



report in the name of the whole body. The Pope, no doubt, occupies an august and impressive position; but he cannot speak for Christendom as a whole, and the rejection of his well-meant endeavors to restore peace may be regarded as partly, at any rate, inspired by Victorian jealousies and suspicions. Is it possible to revive anything of the lost authority? Can there be any substitute in the modern world for all that the Holy Roman Empire, at any rate in theory, once stood? Of that Empire it has been said by its best-known historian, Lord Bryce, that

"it expressed a longing for a wider brotherhood of humanity towards which, ever since the barrier between Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, had been broken down, the aspirations of the higher minds only of the world had constantly been directed. . . . Placed in the midst of Europe, the Empire was to bind its races into one body, reminding them of their common faith, their common blood, their common interest in each other's welfare. He was therefore above all kings, claiming to be the representative of the Prince of Peace, bound to listen to complaints, and to redress the injuries inflicted by sovereigns and peoples upon each other, to punish offenders against the public orders of Christendom, to maintain throughout the world their supreme good without which neither arts nor letters nor the gentle wishes of life could rise and flourish. . . . The Medieval Empire was, in its essence, what some of its modern successors have sometimes professed or pretended to be. The Empire was peace; the oldest and noblest title of the Empire was *Imperator Pacificus*."

The Holy Roman Empire has passed away, and it may be contended that, after all, it only represented an ideal very imperfectly realized. But at least it represented an ideal, which is what we seem to lack now, though, of late, we have heard of the possibility of a "League of Nations." But no "League of Nations," or Hague Conferences, or anything else can avail much unless they are the expression of a real and strong moral and spiritual force. The great question now is, Can the Christian Church supply such a force? Certainly it cannot do so now, with its separate Churches ploughing their lonely furrows, and largely engaged in parochial concerns. To speak with authority the Church must speak with one voice. Is there any prospect of such an event? If we are to wait for the "Reunion of Christendom" in an ecclesiastical sense—devoutly as such a consummation may be desired—we may at once regard the prospect as hopeless. Reunion is not within the range of "practical politics"—but is it possible that there might be a sort of "Federation of Churches" which, while recognizing differences, shall at any rate (I quote a writer whose name, unfortunately, I forget), "emphasize the common element in our common Christianity which alone can supply a common ethics"—the creation, in fact, of what barely seems to exist now—what we may call international "Christian conscience," with an organ by which it could express itself when the peace of the world is threatened?

Perhaps it is to such an end as this that the movement of Swedish Prelates is intended to lead. That it will exercise any immediate influence on the course of the present war would be too much to hope. But it may prepare the way for better things. The success of such a movement must largely depend on the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church. If it insists on treating all Christians outside of its own boundaries as non-existent, the cause is lost. The Roman Church is, indeed, more international than any other, but its impotence during the present war to exercise by itself an international influence has been conspicuous. The rest of Christendom will not recognize the Pope as "universal head," but many, perhaps most Christians would be willing to see in him the most distinguished representative of the spiritual forces of the world: and it may be given to the Papacy, in this way, to wield—even among those who are separated from it—a world-wide spiritual influence.

Such a movement as that with which this article deals seems to demand the sympathetic consideration of Christians, and may fairly claim a little of the interest which they bestow on their local and

domestic affairs; and to many it seems that it is only through some such common and united action that modern Christianity can hope to meet and repel the charge so freely brought against it of failing ever to arrive at that "Peace on earth" of which at Christmas it sings so loud.

H. R. GAMBLE.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ENGLAND does well to think of her soldiers with affectionate trust and pride. What of her politicians? Read Mr. Balfour's speech on Mr. Lees Smith's resolution. There is something to distinguish it from Mr. George's, for Mr. Balfour's critical sense at least detaches him from the atmosphere of illusions in which the Prime Minister lives. And he has sense enough to perceive that this is not precisely the moment for dethroning the Kaiser, disarticulating Austria, and commanding the German Empire to halt at the Rhine. But how unimaginative is his outlook, how barren of ideas his sketch of European polity! In spite of events in Italy, the task of the hour is not military but political, and it is the statesmen who are on their trial, not the soldiers, who, in some furtive way or another, these gentlemen are for putting in the dock. That business is to re-knit the Alliance, on terms which will prepare it to stand the shock not merely of Germany's legions, but of her next political "offensive." Can we doubt what that will be? Her move will be to represent England not merely as the obstacle to peace, but as the interested promoter of a selfish war. And our answer should be to disengage ourselves in advance from that manœuvre by proclaiming our disinterestedness and the morality and spirituality of our political aims. Mr. Macdonald put the point very well. We have every right to say to Germany, "Thou shall not steal." But we only make our demand irresistible if we can couple with it the proud avowal, "We have not stolen."

It is to that point that the fundamental honesty and good sense of the nation must be steadily directed. For otherwise we shall never get the settlement we want, in which alone dwells the hope of a peaceful Europe; and we run the risk of a dissolution of the Alliance. The great political fact of the hour is that European politics are passing more and more into the hands of Liberals, Socialists, democratic parties of all types and shades. Russia and Italy are the chief subjects of this change; but France is deeply responsive to it, and Austria and Germany—though there the development is slower and much more primitive—are not exempt. It is England—democratic England—which lags behind; and what is more, will not see that the world sees it. What, then, is the use of Mr. Balfour pretending that his pretty paradoxes of last January are a sufficient statement of the war-aims of the Allies, when since then a new world has come to birth?

THE opportunity may have been lost; for the second Russian Revolution and the Italian reverse have brought the inevitable reaction to Junkerism, and the German Staff may now be as much of a Never-Ending as the "Times." But I doubt it. In spite of these two disasters, the clouds rest more heavily on the political and economic than on the military sphere. Our own military position is brilliant; British armies shine with a

lustre that spreads from Flanders to Palestine. The submarine danger recedes; and if the figures of tonnage were published as well as those of lost ships, it would be still easier to realize how greatly its force is diminishing. Moreover, social Germany is in bad case. She is short of food, her transport is wearing out, the physical strength of her people declines rapidly (she no longer publishes statistics of births and deaths), while over her future hangs the black shadow of commercial ruin. There is the "hold" of the Allies; there, and not on the Venetian plains, the field where the battle is being lost and won. And there lies the reason why, if only we possessed a broad, alert, generous, but firm statesmanship, a good peace should be at our doors.

I RECEIVE many communications from the Army. I wish I could give my readers an idea of their manly spirit, of their enthusiasm, of the passion for human brotherhood which they reveal. Their common characteristic is the anxiety they show about "Blighty" after the war. One group of soldiers aims at trying to "awaken the interest of comrades in after-the-war conditions, and to guide conversation into these channels from impure and unnecessary matters." It seeks to help these "comrades" to a "fuller and happier relation with the world, putting into practice the principles of co-operation and brotherhood." It would cultivate "peace and goodwill to all men," "the spirit of fair play," "sympathy with the bottom dog." It aims at inducing a "greater sense of personal responsibility" in the citizen and the voter, care for education, and, generally, "the social and economic conditions in Blighty." To "Blighty," indeed, these boys in the trenches look as to a friend who has gone wrong, and whom they must bring back to a better way of living. The expression of this soldiers' politics is sometimes a little naïve; its depth and sincerity convince me, through a hundred witnesses, that if the soul of England is to live again, her Army will be its revivalist.

THE time has clearly come when Parliament must be asked to restore the lost liberty of public meeting. The other day the trustees of the Central Hall, Westminster, were bullied out of their contract to let the hall to a private meeting of Woman Suffragists with a merely personal and complimentary object. Now these sensitive souls have allowed themselves to be intimidated into breaking the engagement they made with the National Guilds League for a series of lectures on social reconstruction. There is no question here of any debate on the war, even if the League, whose able paper, "The New Age," steadily supports the struggle, had the smallest tinge of pacifism. If there were, I suppose that three at least of the Chairmen—Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Lansbury, and myself—would be engaged in a triangular duel, in which the weapons and the issue would be equally in doubt. Nor, I imagine, can the trustees have quite credited their extraordinary statement that the meetings were to be of a "devotional" character, for though Mr. Chesterton and I represent different schools of theological thought, we are, I think, united in abstention from any altar frequented by Sir Robert Perks. Is it possible, therefore, that the cause of Methodism (once associated with that of Free Speech) was less in the minds of the trustees than that of Capitalism? And in any case, has it come to this that a secret Band can issue its fiat to stop a serious, critical

debate on the industrial future of England, and can generally rely on a newspaper to forward its crafty incitements to violence? The editor of one of these journals, Mr. Blumenfeld, was not, I believe, born in this country; perhaps by the time he has been re-incarnated as Sir Cedric Flowerfield of Rotherwood, he may have learned that, on the whole, we English are rather addicted to liberty. Or perhaps Parliament and the police together will tell him so.

THE arrival of a letter from the late Mr. C. F. Keary, which will appear in next week's NATION, reminds me of the one episode in his long and always distinguished literary life which could be called brilliant. He was, I suppose, almost a great scholar, and his work as a novelist, elaborately composed and finely written, showed that to his power of research he added that of close and ironic observation of life. In the midst of this good and carefully studied work he produced a short novel called "A Mariage de Convenience." It was a gem, cut and set to perfection. It is years since I read it (it was published in 1889); yet its sharp outline and delicate coloring remain fixed in my memory, together with the substance of its wonderful picture of a scapegrace—a figure of characterless charm.

Two paragraphs from Thursday's "Daily News":—

"The National Union of Scottish Mine Workers in conference yesterday passed a resolution calling upon the Government to take immediate steps to deal with all forms of profiteering, including interest. The mover of the resolution said that in the shipbuilding and other industries great fortunes were being made."

"The directors of Messrs. Brunner, Mond & Co. Ltd. yesterday decided to declare an interim dividend on the Ordinary shares for the six months ended September 30th at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, less income tax."

A. WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

GALILEE is a small country, and during that tour we tramped all over it, and there was a great stir amongst the people. Once, when Jesus had gone into a lonely place to be quiet, a crowd of villagers sought him out and tried to prevent him from leaving them. But he said, "I must take the good news of the Kingdom of God to the other towns also, for that is why I was sent." And so he went on from village to village, and the crowds followed him.

At first, it was only of the Kingdom of God that Jesus talked. Later, he told the people other things, but in Galilee he taught them daily of the Kingdom, and healed many of their sick. He had the gift of bestowing more life, though he used none of the ways of the wandering magicians who also healed disease. He drew no circles and recited no incantations, nor did he burn incense, or give the sick charms to eat against demons, but he put his hands on those who suffered, and the simple people said a virtue went out from him, so that their pains and aches left them, and peace and ease came back. His hands were strong and well-balanced, and comforted all whom they touched. I, too, have felt that virtue, for if by chance in walking he laid a hand on my shoulder, I felt more alive. I marked, too, that when he came amongst us, ordinary things seemed noteworthy, and common events had more of rarity. The field flowers seemed more beautiful, and the sky of a deeper blue when he was near. Life, when we saw it through his eyes, was full of divinity, and held nothing meaningless or dull.

The teaching was to me greater by far than the healings, for I felt it freed men from burdens heavier than all their diseases. The Jewish religion laid a heavy yoke upon men. The Rabbis taught that our God, who was the one true God, had chosen our race to be his people, and an example to all other races. The other races were forever shut out from the mercy of God, who would one day send a Deliverer to free our nation. We, the chosen, were commanded to do this small thing, or forbidden to do the other, on pain of God's displeasure, so that God himself seemed a taskmaster who demanded more than man had strength to render. I had often in my soul rebelled against the teaching, and seeing the hold the Romans had over the land, I felt that the Rabbis taught much of which they were ignorant. The God of the Jews was a narrow and jealous God, whom a free man would be ashamed to worship. But the teaching of Jesus freed my mind. When he talked of God, no rebellion was possible, for he spoke of what he knew. He did not teach as the Rabbis did, as if the mystery of the knowledge of God was too great for an ignorant man to understand, nor did he talk of the care and ceremony with which God was to be approached. He spoke as if all men might know God if they had but the will. When he talked of God's love for man, and of what God asked from man, I felt he told us of what he himself had learnt, and of what I, too, could learn. It seemed that even the most simple could understand.

Seeing the power that Jesus had to add to the worth of the life of men, I did not marvel when I saw that the people paid more heed to his healings than to his teachings, but I wondered when I saw that many of the disciples did so too. Some even of the Twelve when they spoke of his power liked more to tell of the demons who had been cast out, or of the lame who walked, and the blind who saw, than to spread the news that God only asked of men that they should love one another.

During that journey through Galilee, I made acquaintance with all the followers of Jesus, and learnt to know their ways. There were great discussions amongst them, and sometimes, like a sudden storm, disputings would arise, and a clash of ideas, so that after a time I learnt to gauge the nature of each man by the meaning he put into the teaching, and I saw that few, save Nathaniel, read it as I did.

When Jesus walked with us, all went well, for he was gay of heart, and had a way of linking men together. He brought with him a feeling of kindliness and understanding which made all things seem possible, so that as we talked, no man spoke evil of another, and when we discussed it was without floutings and carplings. We were his friends, and therefore friends one of another. His sympathy softened the hearts of men, so that they saw graces in their fellows to which they had been blind before. When he was there, all the diverse natures of his followers seemed to meet and blend in peace, for he charmed and held even those most different to him. It may be that men love most readily their opposites, who have the gifts they lack, for how else could Jesus have attracted and held men like Matthew the publican (whom Simon said he had bewitched), or Judas Iscariot? Jesus loved freedom and gaiety, and looked only at the spirit. He had a mind swift as a kite, so that he leapt at truth as if he saw it outside him. Matthew had a hard, dry mind, that paid great heed to the letter of the Law and to the Prophets. He clung to Jewish tradition, even though he had taken service under the Romans. He was slow-minded, and chewed his opinions as a cow chews the cud.

Judas Iscariot, too, was of a nature different to that of Jesus. He was a Judean, and the other disciples were of Galilee, which caused some jealousy, for the Judeans are of a harder, shrewder make than the simple Galileans. Judas was a good manager, and not careless about goods as the others were, spending in one day all they had, and never looking to the future. He planned all out, and allotted to each man his share. He did not heed if any wasted his substance and asked for more. He would not give it, thinking that misfortune must follow the improvident. And yet Judas had great thoughts, and when he talked, he held men's minds. He

did not often speak to us, but sometimes when Jesus was there, Judas (as if he felt Jesus was the only one who understood) would begin and would talk for long. He did not share his thoughts or look for those of other men as Jesus did. Judas gave out his mind as if it mattered not to him whether the listeners agreed or not. He did not want to mingle the thoughts of others with his own. He was satisfied with his own mind, and had no wish to change it. There were rumors that his father had been in the service of the Romans, and that Judas himself had been a page in their courts, but I never learnt the truth of these. If it were true he had seen much evil amongst them, for he hated the Romans and looked for a day when he as a Jew would dominate over them and force his righteousness upon the world. Judas never doubted of the righteousness of the Jews or of his own, and, indeed, he was righteous in that he seldom thought of his own comfort. Yet, when I heard him talk I felt that to gain his end he would spare neither himself nor others, but would run his course as a mad dog does, looking neither to right nor left.

Peter sometimes spoke hastily to Judas, for Peter was of a hasty nature, and, like a child, he spoke his mind if he was angry. Like a child, too, he changed his mind from day to day, loving and hating as a child does, in gusts, and changing his opinions as his feelings changed. Peter was not clever, like Judas, and grew restive when matters above his understanding were talked of. He had a blustering way with him, but I think he blustered because he was uncertain of himself, as you may see one who has no self-confidence assert himself unduly as if to reassure himself. Peter's assertion was the outer side of his nature. On the inner was his diffidence. Jesus could calm him by a look. He often kept Peter's temper for him when he was on the edge of an outbreak, and Peter showed his gratitude like a dog. He followed Jesus blindly, and was jealous of others who came near him.

John, too, gentle and dreamy and loving, was jealous when the flood of talk came on. Judas and Jesus listened. John's mind was not a clear one, and he was torn between stronger minds like those of Peter and Judas. For Peter, when he held an opinion, held it with vehemence, and would have all men hold it too, while Judas was so set on his own views that he never saw when others differed, and so, by his ignoring of them, made simple kindly souls like John feel as if they had ceased to exist. I have seen John angry when Judas in his talk ignored even Jesus; but Jesus was not angry, but watched Judas with interest, listening while he spoke of the evils of the Roman system and of how things ought to be.

The women of the party were not inclined to dispute, and, indeed, we saw but little of them, for they occupied themselves with serving. But sometimes Mary of Magdala, who, having been a harlot, was accustomed to talk to men, came and talked with us. I mind me that on one of these days there was a sharp discussion amongst the disciples. It was the first time that I had seen Mary since our start. Jesus had gone aside up the mountain to pray, and we waited in the shadow of an oak grove till he should return and we start again. I sat on the edge of the grove somewhat apart, and when I saw a woman coming I did not at first see that it was Mary, for she was dressed like a woman of the people in a coarse blue garment. Her hair was plainly braided, and there was no paint on her face. She was beautiful still but the change was so great that for a moment I stood aghast, and Mary laughed.

"You see I am no longer clad like a King's daughter," she said.

"But your clothes were beautiful, Mary," I answered with somewhat of regret.

"Yes; but their beauty was branded. Some day I shall wear as beautiful, but till the Kingdom comes I wear this," and she touched her coarse garment.

"Is not the Kingdom here already?" I asked.

"Not for me," she answered sadly, so that I asked hastily.

"Are you not happy, Mary?"



"How can I be happy till my soul is clean? My tears have but washed the paint from my face," she replied.

Some of the others seeing us talking had drawn near, for Mary was of interest to men and they still sought her. Till her death she held them. She was like wine to them, and even now, when she no longer wished to rouse their bodily desires, she stirred and excited their minds.

Peter, hearing the sadness in her voice, said in his hasty way with something of self-importance in his tone:

"Men do not condemn you, Mary."

Whereupon Mary, with a flash of her old temper, answered:

"It matters not to me whether men condemn me or not. What sins I committed they shared. I know men too well to value their judgment."

"Jesus did not come to condemn the world, but to save it," said John.

"Jesus did not condemn me," said Mary. "He showed me myself. To see the beauty of a clean life is the punishment for having lived a dirty one, and I condemn myself. That is enough."

Suddenly Judas Iscariot spoke, sweeping the other talk aside, as was his custom, as if such personal things mattered naught.

"Why did you say the Kingdom was here?" he asked me, and I, somewhat surprised, said:

"Did not Jesus say so?"

"Jesus knows well that the Kingdom cannot be established so easily. There is too much power on the side of the oppressors."

"But Judas, Jesus said nothing of oppressors," said Nathaniel.

"Jesus knows the time is not ripe yet, though it soon may be. See how the people follow him," said Judas darkly.

"I don't know what you mean," said Peter.

"A wise man's eyes are in his head, while a fool walketh without eyes," answered Judas. "The oppression in Galilee is not so heavy as in Judea."

"I suppose you mean me," Peter retorted hotly.

"I know I am an ignorant man, but I'm not such a fool as you think. You speak of the Romans. You are a Judean. You think too much of the Romans. We do not bother about them in Galilee."

"Is it wise to mention names?" Judas replied.

"When I hear it said that the Kingdom is here already, I marvel if men knew aught of the conditions of this country or how we must work to better it. If the Judeans follow as these Galileans do, the Kingdom may soon be here. But there must be no division between Judean and Galilean. We want a plan. It would be madness and folly to try to establish the Kingdom without unity."

"But that is what Jesus always teaches," cried John.

"Jesus is wise. He knows that to every purpose there is time and judgment," said Judas.

"What purpose do you speak of?" asked Nathaniel.

Mary, who had been watching Judas, cried out:—

"He speaks of the Romans. He wants to upset their rule."

"Can God reign in Judea if the Romans are still there?" asked Judas; and we all stood silent, wondering at the meaning he put into the teaching. At last, I, seeing that division might come upon us, said:

"Jesus spoke of a different Kingdom. He does not think of rebellion."

"It is a kingdom of the heart, a heavenly kingdom," said Nathaniel.

"But it is to be established on earth according to the prophecies," said Matthew. And Peter, hesitating, said, as if he spoke to himself:

"He said the Kingdom did not belong to those who rule over us."

"He said the Rulers and Governors would not welcome it," Judas answered him.

"God could reign in Galilee," said John.

"But not in Judea," cried Judas. "The Romans must be driven forth if God is to rule over Israel. It has long been in my mind, and Jesus is coming to see it too.

Mark the last time I talked to him. One day he will do it."

"I am sure you misread him, Judas," said Nathaniel.

"Why else do the people follow?" said Judas, and then Mary, springing from the ground, cried out:

"Here is Jesus himself. Let us ask him."

Jesus was coming down the mountain-side, and we all went out to meet him. When he was near, Peter hurried a pace or two in advance and burst into speech.

"Master! Judas would rid us of all oppressors."

There was a tranquillity on the face of Jesus and a light in his eyes as if he had looked upon things unseen. He turned to Judas, "What oppressors?" he asked, and sat down on a big stone to hear.

"The oppressors of our nation," said Judas. "You have seen the oppression of the poor and the violent perverting of justice and judgment in the province. The oppressors must be driven forth if the Kingdom is to be established. Seeing the power you have over the people, I have told them you will end the oppression."

"By driving forth the oppressors?" asked Jesus.

"Yes," cried Judas. "By thrusting them into the sea. By breaking their empire in pieces, and humbling them so that they whisper out of the dust."

When Judas finished, Jesus rose and, from the height on which we stood, he looked over the plain below with all its signs of the works of men, its villages and its towns, its crops and woods, and far in the distance the tiny ships on the blue line of the sea. He seemed to withdraw into himself as if to gather strength, and then he turned again to Judas, and his face was full of graciousness, like one of the holy angels.

"Will that end oppression?" he asked, and waited for a reply.

None came, for with the question we all, even Judas, fell silent, and after a space, Jesus turned him about, and we started again on our journey.

#### "LEADERS."

It is astonishing, but there are men still short of decrepitude who can remember three-deckers afloat and under sail. They can remember the marvel in simple minds that iron ships could "swim." In boyhood, they shared the general regret that Britons could no longer, with literal accuracy, sing "Hearts of oak are our ships," nor think of them as manned by jolly tars, such as they loved to imagine the pressed, starved, and cruelly scourged sailors of Nelson's time. The new-fangled ships were called "ironclads," and they put to sea like so many kettles, using steam to help the winds of heaven. It is even more astonishing to reflect that those same worthy gentlemen may yet live, in their dotage, to gaze over a hoary sea alive with vessels as the Dogger Bank with fish, but never a one in sight upon the surface; and to find the telescopes, which they tuck under their arms as they walk the esplanade, reduced to tender memorials of a vanished past. The ships themselves will have vanished; not a sail, not a funnel, not a wisp of smoke in "the offing" ever again for the telescopes to spy and speculate upon!

Similar is the reflection of one who remembers the three-decked "leaders" of his early manhood, contrasts them with the little destroyers of to-day, and may look forward to a time when "leaders" will have altogether disappeared below the surface, cunningly submerged and stealthily hidden in colored "news." Perhaps he wrote leaders himself—scores of them, hundreds; very likely they ran to thousands, and his words exceeded the words in Homer, Shakespeare, or the Bible. But numbers cannot save. Somewhere in the wild North-West 4. the Museum attendant might unearth them, as from the cavernous abyss of Time. But they are gone, as though they had never been. They are gone, and it is as vain to inquire of their whereabouts as of the snows into which their writer issued under the darkness of Fleet Street some winter's morning.

For in those three-decker days, the leader-writer,

entering the office at 10.30, thought himself happy if he heard the editor's cab slide down to the door soon after, and he got his subject by 11.0. That gave him two hours, or something more, and proofs had not to be up and done with till 2 a.m. Being a University man, he was thought capable of writing on most subjects, and himself considered that estimate of his powers rather narrow. On a good night, he was told to run to a column-and-a-half for the first leader. On the best nights, he might get nearly two columns to himself. Immemorial tradition had fixed the paragraphs at three; for three is almost a sacred number in divisions. The first paragraph was devoted to statement, the second to argument, the third to peroration, adjuration, exultation, or consternation. When he had perorated, adjured, exulted, or "consternated," his heavy work was over, and he was in a fit mood for writing a few light and easy "notes," just to cheer the readers up. Having then devoured his barbaric supper of eggs and bacon with a hunch of bread, he was dragged home by a wretched horse which he caught prowling in the valley of the Fleet—a very counterpart of Cunninghame Graham's "Calvary"—and creeping to bed at 3 a.m., arose at noon to hear the man in the train quoting whole lines of the leader as his own original opinion.

Those were the great days of leader-writing; but oh, the heavy change now they are gone! though "heavy" is not exactly the right word. A few papers, it is true, still struggle to maintain the glorious tradition, just as old Admirals once trusted that Britons would never abandon their native oak. The "Manchester Guardian" puts out with its accustomed wisdom, and almost its accustomed spaciousness. The "Times" tries hard to preserve an ancient dignity against the rushing temptation to sail smart in yellow paint; but from the day when first it mentioned another paper by name, acknowledging that it was not the only "organ of opinion" in the terra-queous globe, one feels a difference, a humiliated diminution. The "Daily Telegraph" ploughs the barren ocean at due cable length. The "Morning Post" supplies the "swarry" with high tone to the specified amount. The "Westminster's" single leader has not reduced its length, or its comfortable assurance that everything good or bad is "quite as it should be." But in the newer, smaller craft one sees at a glance the leader's transformation; one foresees its disappearance.

At first it was a question of time, of speed. When one paper captured the North by running a special midnight train, others had to rush northward too. When one paper set up an office in the North and telegraphed or telephoned its leaders together with its news, others had to build offices in the North as well. Instead of sauntering in at 10.30, the leader-writer arrived gasping and undigested at 7.30 to find his subject noted down in writing, while the editor had gone to dinner. How often had he to begin writing on a speech which the speaker had not yet begun! All his gifts of prophecy and psychology were eminently exercised. He could but pray heaven that the Minister would say nothing—nothing that could not be "spatchcocked" in as the confusing sheets of telegraphic "flimsy" arrived. Usually "all went well," as passengers say before a railway accident. But some evening the accident might happen. The Minister might break loose and run off the lines, and where was the wretched leader-writer then? The most inspired prophecy, the shrewdest psychology, availed him nothing if something was said. The risk was too great to be borne. The situation became impossible. Some Ministers kindly took to speaking in the afternoon. Some generously supplied type-written copies of their coming speech. But human imagination cannot conceive a Lord Mayor's Banquet in the afternoon, and the most carefully written speech may develop impromptus unpremeditated. The leader-writer was compelled to generalize further still—to treat the subject sketchily, to adopt the Post-Impressionist manner—even to try the Futurist admixture in his style.

But it was not only a question of time. The reader had to be considered (for a leader-writer writes to be read). The man in a hurry; the man who cannot linger

over breakfast with the sheet propped up against the toast-rack, concealing his wife; the man in electric train or motor-bus, unable to gulp more than half a column before he jumps out; the host of men and women who within forty years have "enjoyed" a Board School education—all these had to be considered. The consideration of them is sweeping the old leader off land and sea. Glance at the small popular papers—the "Star," the "Mirror," the "Express," the "Mail," the "Evening News." A leader seldom runs to more than half a column; perhaps never to more than three-quarters. Yet, within that short space, the consecrated division into three paragraphs is not enough. A new paragraph must catch the hurried eye every second. The first line must suffice. The paragraph need never be finished before the hurried eye leaps to the next. After examining fifty examples, we find the average of paragraphs to be seven. Sometimes one line counts as a paragraph: sometimes one word.

As to expression, one discovers the old adjuration, the old consternation in excess. Exultation may return with peace, though, except for the "Star," one cannot imagine any of those papers ever exulting over any possible peace this side of eternity. But, thank heaven! the peroration has gone. It is extinct as the rolling periods of Parliamentary eloquence. Here and there some man or woman yet may linger who delights in the sounding platitude—the rhetorician's cadence, the rhythm whose balanced rise and fall can be foretold and expected with certainty several lines ahead. Such people, we believe, may still be found in America, for out of America something old is always arising. But time is against them, and the day approaches when neither on platform nor in paper shall the swinging periods of industriously inspired eloquence ever again enchant the enraptured ear. In all these leaders, we have discovered only one touch of even literary device. "Let there be no recriminations among the Allies. Let there be no antiphony of reproaches," cries a leader-writer in a frenzy of adjuration. But, then, that leader-writer on the "Star" has always retained a tang of literature as a woman's dressing-case will retain a pleasant savor, though set to enshrine the household's unreceipted bills.

But as to subject, the leaders run upon lines generalized and broad. Particular incidents of each day do not count for much; particular speeches count for less. Each of the leaders would suit almost any day of the week. Some big theme is chosen, such as everyone knows something about, and, without pretence of further knowledge, is discussed as everyone discusses it. That is a method sure to please, for it gives the same kind of pleasure as a looking-glass. It reflects the reader's own opinion, and, incredible as it seems, no one thinks himself really stupid, just as no one thinks himself really hideous. So we are given "level-headed" and commonplace discussions on Italy, the United Front, compulsory rations, the purchase of titles, the latest murder, reprisals, and the suspected incapacity of the Navy. Next to the "Star" writer, whose average for courage and humor stands the highest, perhaps we like "W. M." of the "Mirror" best, though his articles are rather "middles" than leaders. They have the advantage of coming next column to the Haselden cartoons, and somehow the cheerful irony or satire of the cartoon seems to lap over into the "printed matter."

Some of the writers specialize. The "Express" has lately specialized on reprisals. With a holy passion, superinduced by the intensity of its Christian patriotism, it clamors for the corpses of German women and children. Our air-raids on Saarbrücken are not nearly enough to glut its appetite. It dismisses them as "tit-bits"—mere *hors-d'œuvres* to the feast which it calls upon its readers to demand. Nothing but more and more reprisals will suffice for it. More pitiable, though less inhuman, is the state of the "Evening News," which suffers untold terrors from Bolo on the brain. To that trembling leader-writer, it is Bolo here, and Bolo there, and Bolo, Bolo, everywhere. The poor fellow demands no proof of Bolo's presence. "In

time of war," he tremulously cries, "suspicion is sufficient, and rightly sufficient." We should say, in fact, that suspicion has been rather too much for him. Sincerely as we pity the poor families huddling for shelter in the Tubes, we pity this writer more. For the depths of the Tube may hide the Bolo man, and from the tunnel's throat that malign and haunting countenance may peer out, nor is escape anywhere to be found.

With loyal comradeship, the "Daily Mail" seeks to support and comfort its quaking colleague. In an appeal to its readers, "it wants the names of every known pacifist or active friend of Germany in your city, town, or village . . . with all you know about the source of his income, the societies to which he belongs," and so on. With this incitement to tittle-tattle, espionage, and the vilest arts of the blackmailer or malicious informer, we may close our review. Perhaps there is no bottom to the abyss into which meanness or panic may drag men down. But heavy and tedious as the writers of the older generation might now appear, they would have recoiled in shame from the edge of such a depth as this.

#### THE MILITARY SERVICE (FEMALES) ACT: 1920.

I WAS not a little curious to learn how women and the woman's movement had fared under the rules of war. For when I went out four years ago, the war-spirit had seized the women of all classes, and was hurrying them into munitions and other war-work, and some of the most renowned Suffragists were leading the Never-Endians. So I lost no time in looking up Martin, who had been my fellow-curate at St. Aloysius, and a mighty man of valor among the Church Suffragists.

I found him, as ever, abounding in enthusiasm for the cause and with the old exuberance of language. The great achievement of the Suffrage had, he explained, brought women back, almost with a jerk, to what he called "the primal verities."

"The life of the Home? The voice that breathed?" I interjected.

"Yes," he replied; "but with a difference. The voice that breathed over Eden now blows hot and strong, as you shall hear. But it is no mere return to the Victorian home. The home is now firmly harnessed to the State, and finds its higher meaning in that service."

"I don't quite follow," I broke in; "do you mean that the State 'controls' the home, and that an Englishman's house is no longer his castle?"

"Oh, no; it is more than ever his castle, for it is armed to meet the enemy at the gate. You will remember the conflict that was always coming up between those who were interested primarily in securing home-rule for women, the right to marriage and children, payment for motherhood and housekeeping, with facilities for getting rid of husbands who didn't suit, and those who were for giving marriage and the family the go-by and inciting women to realize their potentialities in the larger fields of politics and business."

"Yes," I replied; "I remember how thick the air was with the recriminating cries of 'free love,' 'race suicide,' and the rest, and how embarrassing it all was for liberal clerics like ourselves, who saw the importance of the Church not alienating the advanced women of either camp."

"Well," said Martin, "the war with its plain lesson of reconcement was most opportune."

"The lesson," I said, "may be plain to you, but it is not to me. How could war settle such a deep-rooted antagonism?"

"Why, simply enough. By enforcing the supremacy of a single obligation. You see, so long as the franchise issue blocked the way, the true relation of women to the State was obscure. Had the vote been won in peace time, it might have remained obscure. But the sudden bestowal of full citizenship in war-time made everything clear as day. Women were now invested with the full rights and obligations of citizenship at the moment when the nature of their obligation was most patent. For young men we saw that obligation take the shape of

fighting for their country. For old folk, the supreme sacrifice was similarly ordained. On women of marriageable age the duty obviously devolved to repair the wastage of the war. This is pre-eminently women's war-work. For were it left undone, the war with all its liberating mission, would speedily collapse. A few more years would plunge the world into peace for sheer lack of the fighting material. It is for woman to avert such an unspeakable calamity."

"This," I interrupted Martin, "is very interesting. But tell me, do all the women see it in this light? Are they all willing to engage in repairing war-wastage? Some women, surely, don't want to marry and have families?"

"No doubt," said Martin, "but what of that? Some young men don't want to fight. Some old folk don't want to be cremated. But the stern logic of war, with its frightfulness, is not to be denied. Women cannot any more than men escape from the rightful demand of the State upon their services. I don't mind confessing that it has proved uncommonly difficult to drive home the imperativeness of this call upon some women. In fact, at first it was necessary to walk very delicately in the matter, for fear of forcing the feminist movement into the arms of the No-Maternity Fellowship."

"And how did you proceed?" "Oh! we took the same sloping, zigzag road which served for getting the soldiers, the aged people, and the workers. By the usual methods of 'inducement, stimulus, or pressure,' we got hold of a good number of militant suffragists and put them on the patriotic appeal job. We placarded the walls with diagrams showing the inadequacy of the present low birth-rate to keep the war going for more than twenty years. Then there was the famous picture of the boy-baby, entitled 'Watch him grow'—'In one year he will be the eighteenth of a soldier, in two years'—and so forth. And every wall rang out with the challenging appeal: 'Mother, what did you do in the Great War?'"

"But the voluntary method was not really a success. We tried, of course, to stiffen up the moral appeal with material inducements, remissions of taxation, and even bonuses on parentage. But the trouble was that the problem of wastage is not entirely one of quantity. Quality also comes in. Now promiscuous bonuses on parentage were soon discovered to be a process of dysgenic selection, because the fatherhood was of necessity too largely confined to men rejected for military service. In fact, it was the pressure of the eugenists upon this point that gradually forced us into the policy of the 'Military Service (Females) Act,' at present under discussion. But we didn't, of course, jump from voluntary into compulsory service in a single bound."

"I should think not. That would be most un-English. But what was your middle stage?"

"One which at first caused much heart-burning to good Churchmen in particular. It may be summarized by citing the two principal expedients employed. The first was a measure for the facilitation of conditional divorce."

"Ah; I remember the stir which the Report of the Divorce Commission raised before the war. But I confess it isn't obvious to me how the dissolution of marital unions helps towards solving your problem of raising the birth-rate."

"No; perhaps not. But I used the term 'conditional divorce.' Now, the main conditions of the new Divorce Act were expressly designed to meet the difficulty you have in mind. In the first place, its operation was confined to cases where existing unions, lasting over a specified period, had not yielded the proper quota required to meet the estimated future needs of the military authority for the maintenance of our fighting forces."

"Still," I interrupted, "I cannot see how mere divorce—"

"No doubt," continued Martin; "it couldn't. But the second condition meets your point, for it restricts divorce to cases where the claimant or claimants produce satisfactory proof of an agreed proposal for re-marriage



with a properly certified person of 'marriageable' age and character. This decree of divorce is only made absolute by the registration of the certificate of remarriage. But though this induced a certain number of patriotic men to put away their ageing wives and to take on younger and more promising substitutes, it could not, of course, go very far towards meeting the requirement. For the essential difficulty lay in wastage itself, that is to say, in the ever-growing gap in the numbers of marriageable men. Indeed, it was not long before military needs seemed to threaten the very institution of monogamy."

"You are most alarming, Martin," I exclaimed. "Surely the influence of the Church, even if it had to make concessions on divorce, was able to resist the degradation of polygamy?"

"Why, certainly," replied Martin hastily, "we have never budged upon essentials, though some concessions had here also to be made. In judging them, however, you must bear in mind that we are living under the Mosaic dispensation for the duration of the war."

"Well, what are the concessions?"

"Chiefly two. In the first place, we have been induced to sanction the practice of Concurrent Unions."

"And what may that mean? It reminds me of the old Police-court expression, 'sentences to run concurrently.'"

"Ah! I see you grasp the central meaning. Though some prefer to use the euphemism Co-operative Households, as presenting a more harmonious idea. Well, that is one expedient. Another is the adoption of leasehold or terminable marriages, though this, of course, overlaps with the facilities of divorce. But it was felt right that every marriageable woman should have a chance of serving her country, and that all minor considerations of pre-war custom or morality must yield place to this prime obligation. A most convincing exposition of the whole case was given by Father Compton in his sermon in the Abbey, in which he pointed out how in the patriarchal days both the concurrent union and the terminable marriage were recognized as Divine ordinances, designed to ensure the continuity of the family. 'And shall we do less,' continued the preacher with an eloquent gesture, 'for our Fatherland, that larger patriarchy, the State, in whom on earth we live and move and have our being? Is it not the religious duty of all God-fearing men and women to raise families to the glory of the State?' It was an exceedingly serviceable utterance. For, coming just at the moment when the new amendment for including Short-leave in the Military Service Act was before the country, it silenced all serious criticism."

"But was there no real opposition?" I asked, "to these exceedingly drastic proposals?" "Well, there was the so-called 'One Man One Wife' party, but their propaganda was soon suppressed as pro-German pacifism, somewhat unfairly as it seemed to me. But the controversy has now died down, and all these expedients, so far as they have appeared to 'make good,' are now incorporated in the new Act."

"And what are the main provisions of the Act?"

"Well, it sets up in every district a Tribunal of Women between the ages of forty-eight and sixty-five (the Aged Service limit, as you will remember), and requires them to summon before them all women of marriageable age, not at present occupied in military service, who, when passed by the Advisory Committee of Eugenists, are enrolled in territorial companies to be called up for service as the competent military authority for the district may direct. Time is given to all duly certified women (now 'deemed' to be mothers) to qualify by voluntary contract, but if they fail to qualify within the prescribed period, they come within the compulsory powers of the Act."

"A drastic policy, you say. But the country must have soldiers enough to ensure the duration of the war. All private feelings and conveniences, it is felt, must bow before this paramount need. And how otherwise can the need be met? Besides, as historians point out, we cannot have the benefits of war without paying this price. Spartan military economy was based, as you

remember, upon preferential rights for her fighting men. Athens, after the catastrophe of Syracuse, had resort to the same expedient; and, to come closer home, its recent adoption both in Germany and Austria compels us to follow suit."

"You mean," I interjected, "that God will send in to the Kaiser the bill for any moral degradation that may ensue?"

"Well," said Martin, "you may put it that way if you like. I should prefer to say that the necessity of State washes out all guilty stains, consecrating each special sacrifice of personal feeling. But, of course, one can't expect so radical a policy to work quite smoothly. Indeed, among the military biologists a fierce Mendelian controversy is raging at the present time."

"Mendelians!" I exclaimed. "I thought they were absorbed in crossing strains of wheats and peas."

"Well! so they were when you left England. But like every other body of specialists they have been 'taken over' by the Government and set to work at war-expedients. For some time they were innocently occupied in discovering the Mendelian characters which would yield a strain of bomb-proof nerve and another strain of war-truth brain-tissue. But then a little group turned their energies upon sex determination and the dominant and recessive characters involved in it. And then the fat was in the fire. For granted that by scientific feeding and judicious Mendelian selection you could control the proportion of male to female births, what is the desirable proportion in war-time? The problem, it appears, is not a simple one. For, on the one hand, as Geddes and Thomson tell us, 'deficient or abnormal foods encourage a katabolic habit of body, and tend to produce males.' War-food economy, therefore, makes for males. But war itself far more than counteracts this tendency. Where, then, do we actually stand as between the katabolic and the anabolic factors in birth economy? Until we can get an agreed answer to this question, how can we ensure the indefinite duration of the war?"

"To my childlike intelligence," I said, "it would seem clear that the business of your Mendelians was to encourage the maximum proportion of males."

Martin smiled. "Yes, that is just the error that the novice in this thorny controversy naturally makes. If you were arranging for a comparatively short war, say, not longer than twenty or thirty years, of course, the more boys to-day the more soldiers eighteen years hence. But if you are guided by a wider military caution, you will take a longer range for the duration of this war, perhaps even keeping an eye upon the next war, and the next but one. Thus you will see that it is necessary to provide not only for a large crop of soldiers now, but for still larger crops to ripen later on—say, thirty or forty years hence. For this purpose it is as important to provide the mothers of the future armies as to provide soldiers for the existing war in its remoter stages."

"Ah, Martin," I exclaimed, "I see you are the same old militarist as ever."

"Yes," he replied, "and more convinced than ever. For war is not only the reconciler of class differences, it unites the sexes in co-operation for our supreme human purpose. Providence has assigned to man the rôle of the fighter, to women that of providing the material wherewith to fight. The voluntary rush of young women to the munition factory early in the war was indeed a gesture of instinctive symbolism, the unconscious feeling for their true mission. And," he added, with an ecstatic fervor, "that mission has an even wider sweep than I have indicated. It is woman's great privilege not merely to provide for this war, or the next war, but to provide for WAR. For without the pressure of population upon the means of livelihood, history teaches us that there could be no war, and that for lack of this bracing and cleansing struggle mankind would stagnate in comfortable and ignoble security. It is woman's part in the scheme of life to apply this pressure, in order to avert the peril and to secure that WAR shall not perish from the earth. She has done her work gloriously throughout the ages, and, with the assistance of the Military Service Act, she will continue to do it."

"But," suddenly glancing at his watch, "I must tear myself away from this alluring conversation, though there is so much more to be said. For I have my Mothers' Meeting at seven, and I promised them a little talk on woman's duty in the home."

And so he left me, wondering what Euripides, the friend of woman, would have thought had he been there to hear.

## Communications.

### AN IMPRESSION OF DUBLIN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The first impression which Dublin makes upon the stranger is of an almost neutral calm. On Wednesday night I had listened to the drone of the Gothas, the clatter of shrapnel on the roofs, and the barking of the guns. On Thursday night I drove through brightly lighted streets. There was the normal proportion of young men among the civilian population. The ragged and barefoot children were a proof that the sudden prosperity of war-time has left the Irish towns unvisited. The sense of relief and calm vanished rapidly as one began to talk and listen. In half-an-hour one realized that one had entered a city which awaited a catastrophe, puzzled, angry, but fatalistic. There was only one possible rumor which I never heard. No one whispered that a rising was probable, or even possible. No one hinted that the people who might disturb the peace of the city were the rebels of Easter week. The aggression was always ascribed to the other side.

Sometimes rumor announced that De Valera had at last been arrested. More often she speculated about what would happen if the least clash of disorder should occur. Everyone had details of plans of "repression" which had been devised, and always the plan was "thorough." From old and young, from University professors and Labor leaders, from pacifists and physical force men, from Sinn Feiners and old-fashioned official Nationalists, from Protestants as well as Catholics, I heard everywhere the same suspicion. It was, that by one act of repression or another, the party of ascendancy was determined to drive the Left Wing of Sinn Fein into some demonstration which would give it an apparent justification for the final destruction of militant nationalism. The facts behind this belief make their cumulative impression. Always there happens something which wrecks an effort of conciliation: sometimes a catastrophe has been averted by what looks like pure chance. The sense of insecurity abides amid all the fluctuations of policy. It should have made for confidence that successive Governments have refrained from imposing conscription; but the Press campaigns continue, and Irishmen are driven into a militant defence of their immunity. The clemency which released the Sinn Fein prisoners was promptly tarnished by a long series of re-arrests. The arguments of the Prime Minister and Mr. Duke in the recent debate pointed to the arrest of Mr. De Valera. It has not happened, but the suspense and the mystery cause an inevitable unrest. The insistence, against Mr. Duke's wishes, on electoral redistribution, angers the politicians, suggests that the ascendancy faction is supreme, and seems to imply the failure of the Convention. Worse still was the criminal brutality which ended in the death of Thomas Ashe in Mountjoy Prison. Worst of all was the conduct of the Under-Secretary, who insisted, in spite of the Lord Mayor's remonstrance, on provoking the volunteers who filed past the body of the dead leader as it lay in state, by parading armed sentries before them, and referred to the man whom Nationalist Ireland honored and mourned as a "criminal and a suicide." Sir Bryan Mahon chanced to be present at that electric interview between the Lord Mayor and the Under-Secretary, and wisely withdrew the troops. But for that chance intervention, there would almost certainly have been bloodshed. These are the facts which render the most alarming rumors plausible. The scale and character of recent military preparations suggested the expectation of nothing less than civil war.

The rest of Dublin reasoned otherwise. It knows that Sinn Fein possesses only the most modest equipment of rifles, and is fain to make the most of pikes and sporting guns. It knows, moreover, that the Moderate party is in the ascendant. It knows—what the authorities seem to forget—that Easter week, which mobilized only 1,100 men, was the work of the Left Wing Extremists, and that Professor John MacNeill refused, even then, when surprise promised some momentary success, to order a general rising. It has watched the conflict within the Sinn Fein organization, between the Moderates and the Left Wing, and it breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. MacNeill, by a triumphant majority, was returned at the top of the poll as Chairman of the Executive Committee. It makes allowance for a good deal of "rhetorical and contingent belligerency." It will not believe that the "one man in his

shirt" is going to challenge "eleven men well armed." Because it can find no reason for a well-grounded alarm on the part of the authorities, it falls back on the theory of provocation. The rival theory of an honest apprehension based on bad information is scarcely more reassuring. I was startled when I looked through the weekly papers with Sinn Fein sympathies. The case, not only for Irish independence, but also for arming, was stated in them with a bluntness which suggested a very tolerant, a very indolent, or a very timid Censor. De Valera's speeches, with the same exhortation to arm for the creation of an Independent Republic, were reported at length in all the daily papers. The mystery deepened when I learned that there is a preventive censorship in force. These startling utterances had actually been read by the military Censor in proof, and passed. No blanks, it seems, are allowed to appear when a passage is cut out. What was it, I wondered, that the Censor did cut out, since he passed so much? I met an experienced journalist, who asked me to believe that it is the more moderate and qualifying passages which the Censor excises. Is it all a risky joke? My own guess is that it is rather the result of conflicting policies followed by rival authorities who lack a controlling hand. Amid these rumors and speculations Dublin lives restlessly. Its prevailing mood is rather anger than fear. "Death," said one gifted man, "is all around us in this war. Why should it pass us by?"

In this atmosphere of latent revolt and lowering repression, the Convention is doing its work. The general feeling is pessimistic, but I must add that the minority who hope that some measure of agreement will be reached, are the few who know most of the Convention's doings. In spite of all that has happened, and all that is feared, I believe that the line of division between the two camps has moved forward. What goes on in the Convention is a secret: it is only of a certain approximation in the opinions of those outside it that one can speak with any confidence. The acute controversy, I gathered, among the aliter minds of the two parties turns no longer on the partition of Ireland. That, at length, is felt to be impossible. Ulster, however, clings steadily to representation at Westminster, chiefly, I believe, because it is anxious about taxation. Nationalist Ireland, on the contrary, is resolute on the Dominion solution as a minimum, and by this it means primarily that in its internal questions there shall be no reference or appeal to Westminster. It is ready to placate Ulster. It is willing to concede to the minority extensive rights of veto, even over taxation. Its tactics are to give the minority, within the framework of autonomy, the safeguards which will reassure it, even if these safeguards violate every principle of majority rule. It will pay almost any price to be rid of the threat of partition on the one hand, and the meddling of English hands on the other. There seem to be, here, the elements of a bargain.

A further question remains to be answered. Would Sinn Fein accept the Dominion solution? It would be the worst of mistakes to suppose that its preaching of Irish independence is merely tactical. On the contrary, it was the Home Rule demand of the Parliamentary Party which was tactical. When its tactics had patently failed, the nation threw off its inculcated moderation, and recurred to its traditional demand for an Irish Republic. It feels that it is living in a revolutionary age. It foresees—as Sir Edward Grey foresaw in 1914—that before this war is ended, "many things will be swept away." A few of its more expert thinkers may look forward to an epoch of internationalism, to the decay of force, to the removal of the military and economic arguments which at present stand in the way of the sovereign independence of subject nationalities. The majority do not reason so closely. They feel the trembling of the soil, and hope something from the earthquake. Their strategy of appealing to the Peace Conference, naïve as it sounds to an English ear, is regarded with entire seriousness. Englishmen have talked about South Slavs and Techecho-Slovaks with little thought of the echo of their words in Ireland. I should like to hear a deputation of British statesmen explaining to a Sinn Fein audience in Dublin exactly why Bohemia must have independence and Ireland only Home Rule. My inquiries among those who should know the mind of Sinn Fein's leaders, brought this answer to the question whether Sinn Fein would "accept" a Dominion solution. They would reply in the historic words, that they could set no bounds to the march of a nation. They would not abandon, or compromise, their larger claim. They would, on the other hand, undoubtedly consent to work the machinery of a Dominion Constitution. They would enter it, without prejudice to their "Maximalist" programme, but they would not obstruct or cold-shoulder it. If that point were once safely reached, the rest might be left to time. Sinn Fein retains its extremist leaders, because the folly of our military repression has made martyrs and heroes of them. Their very success, however, has imposed upon them a certain moderation in action. They have drawn the average man within their ranks, and the consequence is that the party of physical force is now isolated on their Extreme Left Wing. They are recurring to their original tactics, which were not physical force, but passive resistance. If they still preach the duty of arming,



they learned this foreign doctrine from Sir Edward Carson. Is any Nationalist movement likely to discard it, while Ulster is armed? The character of modern warfare may suggest some further doubt as to the utility in these days of ten-foot pikes. But the stories of what it may have in store arouse another feeling—an anger which makes compromise difficult.

These days of rumor are over, and in cold fact nothing has happened. Sinn Fein gave no provocation, abandoned its "proclaimed meetings," and stopped its parades. The memory of these things remains, however, and with it the paralyzing suspicions. Wild men are confirmed in their extravagance; others have a fresh motive for conciliation. The future seems to rest on chance, if that is the name for the obscure doings of the "dark forces." Events may escape political control, and frustrate the best designs of political sagacity, so long as Parliament is content to divide the government of Ireland between a civilian Executive and a military authority.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

November 6th, 1917.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE CENSORSHIP AND DEMOCRATIC RUSSIA.

SIR,—It is now over two years that I have been living and working in London as a correspondent of the Russian Press. I am pleased to be able to say that this has been the most interesting time in my journalistic career; not only because of the interest of London as the centre of world politics but also because of the exceptionally good atmosphere and traditions of English journalism.

If I now feel compelled to complain, it is not on any ground of personal interest of my own as a journalist but because I know that Anglo-Russian relations are being endangered by systematic misrepresentation on the one hand, and, on the other, by the activity of the British Censor.

Of the misrepresentation and vilification of democratic Russia I am sure that enlightened Englishmen must feel as strongly about the matter as I do.

Democratic Russia, used simply to worship the free press of England. It is the bitterest irony of all this bitter time that it has been from this very press that new Russia has received the worst treatment of all.

But my present complaint is against the British Censorship. It is not my business to determine the attitude of the British press; it is, however, emphatically my business and duty as a Russian correspondent to keep Russian opinion informed upon everything that concerns the safety, the future, and the honour of Russia. That function I am not allowed to perform.

For example, messages containing pure information have been stopped. Thus, I dispatched a cable to my paper simply quoting the "Daily News" literally to the effect that the Japanese Mission to the United States was expected to develop great plans for the assistance of Russia, not only in the supply of munitions but in military co-operation as well. I, as a Russian journalist, thought it right that my fellow-countrymen should know this very interesting item of news. Evidently the British Censor thought differently. At all events, it was stopped.

My cables about British labour and Stockholm have been most curiously maltreated. Let me take for example the decision of the Blackpool Conference on Stockholm in September last. In the course of my cable I gave it as my opinion that the vote was not a defeat for the idea of the Conference as such, but only one in favour of its postponement until a preliminary agreement on war aims had been established among the Allied Socialists. I have said in so many words that the opposition to Stockholm was not "based upon principles," and did not constitute an opposition to the intervention of international labour or to the necessity for labour helping to determine the peace settlement. All this passage was deleted. The rest of the cable remained intact. Why?

Shortly afterwards another cable of mine was censored out of existence. A well-known French publicist, M. Hyacinthe Loyson, contributed several articles, dated from Petrograd, to the "Sunday Times." One of these articles I summarised in my cable of September 23rd last, the day of its publication. It was my desire to pillory it before the eyes of Russia, for the article was offensive in the extreme to my country; but I was not allowed to do so. Why should the British Censor protect a well-known and responsible French writer who described, for example, Revolutionary Russia as "a herd of lunatics, headed by a gang of scoundrels?"

There have been many other striking matters that I have not been allowed to speak of. I have not been allowed to quote the "Morning Post" on Russia or even to quote the very different "New Europe" when it declared:—

"We are aware of an intense and growing indignation in Progressive Russian circles at the charges so frequently levelled

against Russia in misfortune and we venture to hope that the Government will take advantage of Parliament's re-assembling to rebuke publicly such disloyal tactics towards our Ally in the East."

Why was this quotation stopped? I put it to British Liberals.

Most striking and intolerable of all has been the British Censor's prohibition of any criticism of Russian officialdom in London. One could understand the British Censor holding his shield over the Russian Embassy against attacks by British journalists, but why should he prevent a Russian journalist, the representative of two great Russian papers, from cabling to his own country protests against the inactivity of the Russian Embassy in London? Surely that is an intervention in purely Russian affairs and an infringement of the freedom of the Russian press. I shall give one instance, and that will suffice. On October 3rd I sent a long cable showing the defects of the present news service from Russia and "the absence of an authoritative objective and scrupulous news service from Russia," I said, "is doing infinite harm to Russian interests; the more so as the Russian Embassy in London is obviously too little preoccupied with the correction of news information from Russia. Even the most insulting utterances in the press about Russia's democratic institutions, Government, or army are left without protest or contradiction from the Russian Embassy." The whole of this cable was passed with the sole exception of my reference to our Embassy, which was cut out. Is this the proper function of the British Censorship?

Reviewing the treatment of my cables during the last three months I am bewildered. All references to British *jusqu'a-boutisme*, every quotation from a Conservative newspaper, or speech that illustrates dislike to the Revolution, has been let through by the British Censor. All references of an opposite kind, every quotation of an article or a speech which dealt with the need for a people's Peace has been deleted as if automatically and inevitably. Yet this class of messages which the Censor permits may well appear to Russian *jusqu'a-boutists* and counter-revolutionists to freeze and chill Russian democratic feeling towards the Allies and the war, and discourage hopes. The latter class, which he stops, I sent with the deliberate purpose of neutralising this danger. The more democratic England appears to Russian eyes, the more encouraged is the Russian democracy to have faith and to hold on. How then is the British Censorship to be explained? I put it again to English Liberals. Is it blundering or is it a tendency?—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL FARBMAN.  
(London Correspondent of the "Tzvestya"  
and the "Navayo Zhoyu" of Petrograd.)

### MR. DE SELINCOURT'S "NINE TALES."

SIR,—The "scrutiny" to which your reviewer is good enough to subject "the artistic craftsmanship" of my "Nine Tales" does not appear to be very searching. In his account of the story, "The Sacrifice," he says that Rosa Dill "strangles her baby," and refers to her "peaceable young husband." If he had done more than glance through the story, he would have discovered that Rosa Dill did not strangle her baby, and that it was not her husband who was forced into the Regulars; both points being not unimportant incidents once or twice mentioned in passing, but of great significance to the structure of the story and the development of the characters.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH DE SELINCOURT.

### SAILORS OF GENIUS.

SIR,—On October 27th your Wayfarer wrote:—"We had one sailor of genius, apt at such an offensive [a thought-out plan of offensive war], and burning to conduct it. He was laid on the shelf. Genius not being as plentiful as blackberries, his like has not yet been discovered."

All, I imagine, who have studied the history of sea-warfare since 1914 will most heartily endorse "Wayfarer's" words in their application to the First Sea Lord. They are no more than just.

But the office of First Sea Lord a "shelf"! The expression is so curious that almost I wonder whether I may not have mistaken "Wayfarer's" meaning. No doubt, when our greatest Admiral afloat found that duty called him to leave the Fleet and to come ashore, his act of abnegation may have seemed to him to hold some of the bitterness of the "shelf." But it can hardly have seemed so to anybody else, and particularly to anybody else in the Navy. If the Navy has done wonders, as "Wayfarer" says, the wonders that it has done, the Navy is wont to affirm, are due no less to Sir John Jellicoe's recent work at the Admiralty than to his former work with the Fleet.—Yours, &c.,

E. HILTON YOUNG.

R.N.S. 9: B.E.F. October 31st, 1917.

[We have the highest respect for Sir John Jellicoe. But the reference was not to him.—ED., THE NATION.]

[Owing to the pressure on our space this week, we have been compelled again to leave out many interesting letters from correspondents.]









## Save for the Little One's Future. DECIDE TO-DAY.

**E**VERY man and woman looking back upon the past years realises that whatever share of the good things of life they now possess was won only by a constant struggle against obstacles and difficulties. If they are parents there comes the inevitable after-thought, "And the children—must they fight the same hard, sometimes heart-breaking, battle?" You, the middle-aged mothers and fathers of growing boys and girls, have had your day: you have wandered far along life's highway—but your children have but started out on that rough road—the road that you can make easy for them by saving a little week by week and investing it in War Savings Certificates and National War Bonds. Prepare to give your children a start. Remember your early struggles and resolve that their life shall be made less difficult.

You do not need to be rich to invest in State Securities. They are within the reach of every War Saver. The investment is absolutely secure. It is guaranteed by the State. You can buy War Savings Certificates or National War Bonds at any Post Office or Bank. Start buying to-day.



Issued by the National War Savings Committee, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

*(Appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.)*



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "John Keats." By Sidney Colvin. (Macmillan. 18s. net.)  
 "Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and Others, 1839-1845." Edited at the Birmingham Oratory. (Longmans, Green. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps." Edited by E. H. Helps. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)  
 "After Victory." By An Amateur Officer. (Melrose. 5s. net.)  
 "Covent Garden, and Other Verses." By Guy Rawlinson. (Fisher Unwin. 1s. 6d. net.)  
 "Cœlebs." By F. E. Mills Young. (Lane. 6s.)

My first attempt to read at sea was a dreary failure. Yet I was in need of succor. We were on the Dogger Bank. It was mid-winter. It was my first experience of deep water. True, a sailor would not call fifteen fathoms deep water; I know that now—but if you think the Dogger is not the real thing, when one is there in a steam trawler at Christmas time, then experiment with it. Only don't do it this year.

That morning, hanging to the rope of a companion ladder, and twice thrown off to dangle free in a ship which felt to be turning over, I went up top to watch the sun rise. It was an educational moment. I was shocked. I felt that never before had I been alone; never before had I seen my own planet. We faced each other. The vastness of that world; the austerity of its alien grandeur; the icy breath of it; the ease with which swinging shadows swept us up on mobile hills into the twilight to give one a glimpse of an arc of sun across whose bright face far black shapes were moving, and then sent us down to the gloom again; the chilling desolation of it! It was so evident that, spacious as our world was, we were solitary in it, we had no friends there; there were just ourselves and Luck. I was awed. And that night a great gale blew.

So I tried Omar Khayyam. It was a silly thing to do; for the philosophy of futility and general nothingness, especially when expressed with a mocking and melancholy humor, which is the very voice of finality itself, is no encouragement for a soul marooned in a trawler's cabin during a sounding winter gale on his first voyage. And it was the only book I had; and as I could not settle to read even the ship's Bible, the only book in its library, you are free to assume that I felt much as you do in a warm corner on a raid night; and that any printed matter is of no moment when life is not only consciously alive, but is aware, and for once not in a literary sense, of its fragility and briefness. I tried to read the Christmas number of a magazine, but realized as never before the kind of thing it was. "You come into the wheel-house," said the mate, who was hiding himself in tarpaulins and high-boots, "and stand the middle watch with me. You'll feel better when you face it." In the still seclusion of the wheel-house after midnight, where the rudder-chains rattled, where the mad stars flew diagonally back and forth across the windows, where the pale glimmer from the binnacle discovered chiefly my placid companion's priestly whiskers, and where the invisible sometimes came with a hissing crash on our walls, I found what the books could not give me. For the mate in a low mumble, and occasional long pauses when he put his face to the glass in an effort to see into the night, told me of the boy they had one voyage, "a freckled kid" who cried during the misery of the first few days, and who was put off on the Dogger to join another trawler; and that night a wind rose "just like this." The mate spun the spokes between the sentences. The following morning, so I heard, the absent boy's empty bunk had been slept in, "and it was all wet and smelt sea-weedy." So they knew where that boy had gone.

AFTER the story was finished I listened to the wind, and the sweep of the waves, and felt the ship tremble as we were struck. What it is that art should work in us began to dawn on me then; but if I knew how to convey that story and its circumstances to you I should understand more about the world of books than any artist who knows naturally, by the

grace of God, the way to tell us stories. Strange, but the artist is rarely a man of letters. He can set the bookman talking and disputing about himself, but he blinks at it all in surprise. Usually he has no idea what they dispute about; and if by chance he joins in, then his infantile ignorance of the principles of his art is exposed at once. He can do the trick, but he does not know how it happens to come out that way. He can transmute common words into something precious and fascinating, by a touch. But most school-boys know more about syntax and prosody.

WHERE were we? Yes, at sea. After the Dogger there were other voyages, and a wilderness of time to spare for books. Yet if to-night we were bound out across the Bay, heading into heavy weather, and she was a wet ship, I should have a remote presentiment of the sensations of my first voyage, and much prefer the voice of a shipmate to any book. Though I should certainly have Omar in my box, and more besides. They would be brought out presently. The first week, wet and cold, uncertain, strange; the ship foreign—not at all like the good ships you used to know so well; the ship's company not yet a community, and the "old man" cross about his owners, his men, his coal, and the whole stupidity of his choice of a profession; in the first week the barometer is not set-fair for reading. You must wait till she gets down south into "the Trades," where things are kinder and time does not fly. In the latitude of the Fortunate Isles time has flown, and left a timeless vault of blue and white, and a vacant round of musical and leisurely waters so volatile that the fishes rise in silver flights, and a sun as bright as happiness. That ought to be the place for books.

So there you get them out. Once I tried Henry James in "the Trades"; but found myself watching instead the quivering light reflected from the seas on the white roof of my cabin. I thought it might be the bright spirit of that ocean come to favor me in my little place. It was very joyous. It danced continually. It was full of meaning for me, and not a word of Henry James could I understand. I regret to say that James returned to England with his covers scored with cockroach bites, the only book-mark by which I found my place in him that voyage. I much prefer him now with the marks of that trip upon him. I read him to-day in the light which used to dance over him on a cabin roof; for that light has not yet gone out.

THE trouble with the mind at sea is that it will not hold tight to a book. You can read in port, especially if it is on a low coast, and the cargo takes long to dribble in. That really is the time for reading. But once the ship is under way you seem contented with old newspapers; and their advertisements are about all you want of them. For reading at sea there is nothing so good as the official Directions for Navigators. You find those in the Chart-room, along with the skipper's parallels, dividers, and such, under the navigating bridge. Morning is the best time for it. There is a long mahogany desk, broad and polished, and a chart spread on it of the coast you are approaching. A carafe of water is on its stand over the desk, and, as she rolls, the water slants this way, then that, consonant with the shadows and sunlight darting at each other on the deck outside. You look out and for'ard to see drifts of snow break from her bows; and you know what white is when you see it upon that wonderful blue. The "old man" yawns of voyages past; for he is mellow now, and knows you better. He tells you the difficulties of the soundings we shall soon approach, and asks you what you think. He goes up to the wheelhouse to keep an eye upon things for himself, leaving you to his Sailing Directions of whatever ocean you may be in.

I HAVE never seen these books mentioned as of merit, but I have several old ones by me, and they can keep me awake most of the night, even now when we are fast aground in a London suburb. The South Atlantic volume, especially when it goes into the twilight of cold latitudes, is good magic. Any Directions to Navigators in the Pacific is better still. It is evident to me that Stevenson had a jolly good time reading them when he was at work upon "The Wrecker." He knew how instantly they could transport us, leaving the clay vacant while the mind was making holiday far enough away.

H. M. T.



## Reviews.

### THE TRUTH-TELLERS.

"*Vie des Martyrs.*" Par GEORGES DUHAMEL. (Mercure de France. 4fr.)

THE generation of Englishmen which had just reached manhood when this war began will one day have to face the heavy charge that it suffered the eye of the soul to be dimmed. It was brave, but it dared not tell the truth; it could not see the truth. It fought what it once proudly proclaimed to be a war against war, as a war. It allowed the once lofty aim to be lost amid the mists again, and it had no sharp image of memory to turn to in moments of doubt, because it had never seen with vision the goal which its words proposed. The truth was buried under words.

It said, "War is the evil," and it did not seek to know what manner of evil it was. If it discovered somewhat, it thrust the discovery back into the depths, where it was confounded and lost. For discovery, if it is to be held, must be fixed in the steel of the word that is forged out of the artist's mind. It came to be a principle of the war to end war that to show the evil of war was to be a traitor to the cause. So the deadly lethargy of "Pensons-y toujours; n'en parlons jamais" passed from one man to another, as though they did not know that the mind of a people cannot think of that of which it does not speak.

Not all that generation could have spoken. Speech, the speech which is real and true, is the privilege of few. The spokesmen of that generation were its writers. Where are they? What have they said? By their silence they have betrayed a people. Look back on the English literature of the years of war! For a hundred cases of literary power without the will to truth, one of the will to truth without literary power; of the two together, none. A typically English, a fine production, we are told, high-spirited, cheerful, gallant, that which has made England and the British Empire what they are. Yes; typical as Jeffrey's bludgeoning of Keats was typical, as the brutalization of the soul by the body is typical.

Those who believe in another England and another Englishness than this, having waited long and in vain to catch its whispers, turn to France. There we find that the eye of the soul has been not dimmed, but purified; there words of vision and truth are spoken, and we have the sense that the young men of France were spiritually prepared to speak them. Think of the names of all the young French men of letters whose work promised, despite all pose and immaturity, that they would one day speak words of their very own. Half of them are dead, but the rest, if they have spoken at all, have spoken of the war in accents that shake the soul. In all of them Barbusse, Bengamin, McOrlan, Romain, Arcos, and now, not least among them, Duhamel, there is, in the greater sustained, in the less, by flashes, that keen, clear-ringing honesty of soul, for lacking which their English brothers will be rejected.

Of what they have achieved, Georges Duhamel's "*Vie des Martyrs*" is symbolic. If we would find their secret, it can be found in him, refined (as though by an accident of war) into its essence. Day by day, as a doctor, he has conquered a knowledge of the suffering which is war; day by day, as an artist, he has made that knowledge real, laid hold of it in the grip of words as steady as his own knife. He has fought for men's lives, against his own doubt whether the life which could be won was not more terrible than death; he has watched men fight, with their souls far away in a shadowed land between life and death, for the mere desire to live. He has discovered the secret of war.

"In spite of all sympathy, man, in his flesh suffers always alone, and that is also why war is possible . . ."

That is a most terrible, and a most tremendous sentence for the war to have wrung out of mankind. Its simplicity and its implications are blinding. Unless its implications can be imaginatively apprehended throughout the world, then, verily, there is no hope for humanity. The sentence is the profound theme of the whole "*Vie des Martyrs*." M. Duhamel has set himself to communicate the incommunicable

The pain of men, therefore, is as individual as is their soul. But there are outward signs which speak a language comprehensible to those who will learn. There is the awful distinction between the "good" and the "bad" patient, whose hidden mysteries are made clear in story of "Auger and Grégoire." Auger had a leg blown off, save for one thick connected strip of shattered flesh. He took out his knife and cut the strip of flesh away. He joked to his stretcher-bearers. He explained to his doctor that the cutting did not hurt him very much, but, about an hour afterwards . . . "Dame!" He was determined to get well, and he did. He was curly-haired and fair to look upon, smiling always, or gravely copying out all the letters he received or sent in a big schoolboy hand into his book. Auger was a "good" patient; and the visiting ladies loved him.

"And I understand why they love Auger. He is reassuring. Seeing and hearing him, they can think that suffering is not such a terrible thing after all. . . . Those who live far away from the battlefield, and visit the hospitals to sniff the war a little, look at Auger and go away pleased with everything; with the way things are going, with him, and themselves. They see that the country is well-defended, the soldiers are brave, and that wounds and mutilations are very serious things, to be sure, but tolerable after all."

But Grégoire is a "bad" patient. Not one of the comfortable visitors looks at him. He does not reply to the orderlies even; never thanks them; moans pitifully when his wounds are dressed, so that the doctor's hand itself trembles; has no courage; does not know how to suffer pain. "It's bad will" says the sergeant.

"No, he is wrong. Grégoire has no bad will. Sometimes, I see, by a wrinkling of his brows, that he is making an effort to resist the pain, to receive it with a firmer and more joyful heart. But he cannot make the necessary effort."

"If you were asked to lift a railway-engine, you, too, might perhaps make an effort; you would make it without confidence or success. Then don't speak about Grégoire."

Surely those who read M. Duhamel's book, or even these lines, will never forget that symbol of the burden of pain. By forgetting it they, too, will have betrayed humanity.

Tricot is a wounded soldier who passes from the condition of a "good" patient to that of a "bad" one. Here is the story in full:—

"A few days before Tricot died, a very upsetting thing happened to him. A little pimple, a sort of blackhead, appeared on the side of his nose."

"Tricot had suffered badly; his hands were only remnants; and, above all, in his side there was a great opening which breathed like a fetid mouth, by which, too, the will to live fled."

"Coughing, spitting, searching, round-eyed with anguish, for a breath impossible to find, having no hands to scratch himself, unable to feed himself, not even having the faintest desire to eat,—that is not life; and yet Tricot did not throw up the sponge. He carried on his own war with the Divine patience of a man who has fought in the great war of the world, and knows that victory will not come to-morrow."

"But Tricot had no allies, no reserves; he was quite alone, thin, terribly thin, and so worn out that one day he changed insensibly from a wounded man to a mad in agony. . . . At that very moment a pimple appeared on his nose. Tricot had borne the heaviest blows with courage; but in an instant his strength left him before this tiny superfluity of pain."

"The orderly who looked after him stammered in dismay: 'Sir, I tell you, it's . . . it's . . . the spark that shattered the vase.'"

"And the vase shattered. This pain ought not to have been. Tricot began to moan, and from that moment I saw that he was lost."

"I asked him several times a day, thinking of all his wounds: 'How goes it, little father?' And he answered, only thinking of his pimple now: 'Bad, bad, the pimple—it's swelling.'"

"In fact the head of the pimple was white, and I wanted to prick it."

"Tricot who had allowed us to open up his chest without being sent to sleep, wept and cried: 'No more operations; I don't want any more operations.'"

"All day he moaned over his pimple, and the night after he died. . . ."

Such is M. Duhamel's method. It is not strange, nor new; it is as old as the art of literature itself, at least in so far as it is a search for the symbolic and the significant element in reality. But the reality itself is new; pain has never been revealed before with a knowledge so passionate and tender. It is not one, but infinite; and men's ways of



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suffering are as manifold as are their ways of loving or of living. Plaquet, having lost a leg, when told that he will be able to walk like any man says that he will never leave the house—"I will be ashamed"; when Dérancourt the silent unseals his lips under chloroform he speaks of his suffering, and the terrible witness must be chloroformed again; Mercier's life has been so unhappy, so full of suffering and labor, that he cannot bring himself to believe that he will die, and from the eyes of his dead body great tears roll; Légise, when one leg is cut off, for days will not be convinced that it is not better to die than to have the other cut off for the chance of a mutilated life, yet at the last allows himself to be persuaded, and he lives to stand on his head in order that his stumps may be dressed, and to reply to a friend who speaks of his coming pension, and tells him that he will be a "petit rentier": "Oh! un bien petit rentier, un tout petit rentier."

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### SEEING LIFE.

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THE second volume of Gorki's autobiography carries on the story from childhood to youth. The atmosphere is the same as in the earlier narrative. The growing boy finds himself in the same noisy and unintelligible world. The mind of approaching adolescence is indeed beginning to inquire, instead of, as in the case of the child, to accept without question this amazing panorama of life. But even at the end it has not yet attained any position of actual revolt or effort towards an ideal of life spent otherwise. This active and curious boy, a child of extraordinary gifts, placed in a dusty and irrational environment, is slowly crawling to some rational ideal. He dwells in the squalor of the working quarters of a Russian provincial town. He embarks on long voyages, down the great rivers, in which he occupies positions of humble drudgery. He adventures occasionally into the fields outside and the great forests, where he finds another universe, quiet and beautiful and full of a strange appeal, judging and condemning the feverish, sour existence to which his future manhood seems to be destined. There is a large experience to go through before that boy has raised himself, by the force of his unaided genius, into the position where all this swarming life appears beneath him but as the struggle of insects; when from outside he can look on it with tolerance and compassion. Here we have but the growing consciousness of a kind of stifled protest at the dirt and smells and close contact of the crowds against which he beats ineffectual wings in vain. But here, far more than in all the analysis of Tolstoy or Turgeneff of a Russia far away—the Russia of the peasant or the noble—is the key to the action of that mass which has suddenly started to think, to move, to listen, and to speak. Reading this narrative, at once impartial and illuminating, one can better understand the action of "Soviets" and "Committees of peasants and workmen" which have been flung to the surface by the sudden upheaval of this under-world. Every page of this fascinating volume, seemingly so entirely unconcerned with political adventure and ideals, assists to make intelligible the gigantic revolution of the last nine months, which the friends as much as the enemies of "Russia" are but beginning dimly to understand.

Gorki is here growing up in a world, if of poverty yet of some rude comfort, amid the families of the artizan class. He has not yet descended into the hell of privation and the actual depths of suffering which he was afterwards to make famous in his first published writings. The boy is apprenticed in an architect's office. He works for a manufacturer of ikons and psalters. He varies the regularity and boredom of these employments by occasional voyages down the Volga, as cook's assistant or general "boy" helper: where the work is endless but the food is good, and the voyagers provide continual interest, and the whole is set in the background of dawn and sunset on the majestic river. His gift of reading

provides him a popularity amongst an audience illiterate, but with a continual, credulous desire for adventure and stories and poems: an audience which enters as children into all the vicissitudes of hero and heroine, rejoices over their triumphs, weeps at their misfortunes. It is a people which is continually passionate, sometimes in anger, sometimes in generosity and affection; but rarely, if ever, accepting the stolid endurance and humor and reasonableness of the workmen of the Western world. Many of the scenes resemble nothing so much as the kitchen of the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," with plates being hurled promiscuously about the room, and the mad cook continually invigorating the atmosphere with more pepper and the baby being continually beaten when he sneezes. Men and women rarely converse or sit down to quiet companionship. They "roar" and "shout" and "shriek" at each other, make "hissing sounds like a cat." The women "rush about the room," "fussing about all day, only pausing to take breath in the dining-room at dinner, tea, or supper." Dramas and romances are being carried on in all the kitchens, "accompanied by tears, quarrels, and fights." "The soldiers quarrelled amongst themselves and with the landlord's workmen; they used to beat the women." "The work went on its way without fuss or worry," is another description, "and a kind of corrosive, fretting weariness brooded over all."

Nearly every character also in Gorki's description possesses some animal-life characteristic: they are all distorted by the pressure of crowded circumstance, like some misshapen products of the tropical forest, fashioned into forms grotesquely remote from the type, by the desperate struggle for room to live. "The garrulous cook of the landlord, a sharp-nosed woman, was like a cuckoo; the landlord himself was like an old fat dove—in fact, they were all like some bird, animal, or wild beast." Yet no sullen atmosphere broods over the life of the swarm. If filled with infinite boredom in much of their work, they can throw it off on its conclusion and indulge in all passionate and violent ways. They fight and embrace each other, at one moment torturing, at another caressing the child in their midst. They frequently get drunk—men and women alike—and men pursue women and women men in a kind of violence also—a way of escape. They dance with passionate intensity until the brain reels; they quarrel with passionate intensity, and break their quarrels suddenly in floods of passionate tears; their very religion has also this quality of passion, as before the sacred images they tear at the unanswering will of God for revenge on their enemies and the removal of bodily ills, and the prolongation of life and the gift of good fortune, with all the fruitless prayers which man has battered at the doors of deaf heaven, since man first was. It is the Middle Ages, surviving in the nineteenth century in Russia—surviving also in the twentieth. More clearly than in all monkish or historic chronicles, could the observer to-day, in such a record as this, apprehend the life which once swarmed in the little high-gabled medieval towns of Coventry or Bristol, or Winchester or London. And if such an experience is a corrective to the false visions of a reign of innocence and gold, now set in modern fashion in the age which fashioned the Gothic Cathedrals, it is also a corrective to that contrary interpretation which sees in them nothing but a dominance of superstition and despair, a kind of madness of mankind. Here is the child Civilization, with the energy, the irrationality, the careless cruelty of childhood. Profound religious devotion is challenged by a keen sceptical irreverence. Life is noisy, dirty, clamorous, seemingly intolerable. And yet it is enjoyed with a fierce clutching at whatever pleasure is possible, however transitory—vodka and women the most conspicuous. There is an enormous sense of jostling personality, fierce quarrelling, men and women making daily havoc of their lives just by concentration on needless causes of friction: jealousy and impatience and sudden squalls of anger over trivial disputes, which leave the victims exhausted and amazed. There is also in the background a kind of ultimate toleration for all that lives and suffers and endures, and a pity that falls "as the light falls around a helpless thing."

Attempts at explanation come always up against a boundary, in a dim life which is nourished within the brain; why man is made thus, and not otherwise; what sense or reason can explain so squalid and

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lacerating a conflict between the desire for happiness and the persistent realities of boredom, disgust and suffering; with Death always hovering in the background, to make an end of all. There is little hatred of the rich outside, an almost complete disregard of the operations of Law and Justice, whose casual interventions are accepted with disapproval or resignation, like the inundations of unnatural floods or the failure of the sunshine or the rain. In some inaccessible Universe, for all practical purposes as remote as the fixed stars or the judgment-seat of God, laws and regulations are decreed, which, as they penetrate down to the working quarters of the provincial cities, appear as the work of beings hostile to what scanty happiness is possible in the common lot of mankind. Back at the end against these laws, as against dirt, disease, discomfort, the vicissitude of fortune, the injury accomplished by passion which has never learnt control, the mind in a tranquil hour finds rest always in a kind of quietism and acceptance. Things are thus, and not otherwise: the gods or forces that rule the world are very strong. Men should be very pitiful. Pity and kindness amongst these poor as amongst the poor in all ages, in all the world, shine out as the virtues which alone matter: pity almost replacing the love which covers a multitude of sins. And with this pity also is the acceptance of things which, however unendurable, must be endured: an acceptance which at best gives a faith, facing bedrock facts without illusion, and yet finding life liveable just in the acceptance of those facts, in all their dark and their joyful implications. And this acceptance forces some into a belief but half-defined, the philosophy of the Middle Ages and all the past, that the whole thing is but of the nature of a "walking shadow," and composed of the stuff of dreams. "There is nothing to worry about," says the stoker on the Volga steamer, when a corpulent merchant of Perm falls overboard and is drowned. "No one knows when he is destined to die. One man will eat mushrooms, fall ill, and die, while thousands of people can eat mushrooms and be all the better for them; yet one will die! And what are mushrooms?" "It is ordained by the Lord God that we should suffer," is the verdict of another. "All we can do is to be patient. There is nothing else to be done. It is Fate." "No one has any mercy upon human creatures," cries one, "neither God nor we ourselves." "We live like blind puppies," says another, "to what end we do not know. We are not necessary either to God or the Devil." Early in boyhood the present editor of the "New Life" has concluded that "people of all nations wear themselves out, and to ruin themselves comes natural, but nowhere do they wear themselves out so terribly quickly, so senselessly, as in Russia." Early, also, he is seeking for the qualities which would alone make life endurable—for the pity which would permit him to understand, for the knowledge which would enable him to forgive.

#### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

"A Dictionary of London." By HENRY A. HARBEN, F.S.A. (Herbert Jenkins. 42s. net.)

THE streets of London, though not paved with gold, are auriferous with rich memories of the generations of men who have built and trodden them. The street map of the City, for instance, is a mosaic of incomparable vividness and variety, each fragment telling us something of those who have lived here since the Romans colonized a site some 20 ft. below the present surface of modern London. Modern builders seeking solid foundations for office blocks dig into "made ground," ashes of modern houses destroyed by fire, Roman bricks and tiles, sometimes wooden piles, and finally reach clay or gravel. So the antiquary, like the late Mr. Henry Harben in compiling this gigantic book, comes upon one fossil of London's social history after another—here a place-name, there a public-house sign, a builder, a landowner, a monastery, a book, a hillock, a marsh or a market. Take a walk down Fleet Street, and on the south side just east of Serjeant's Inn you will see a dull archway which leads into a narrow alley called Pleydell Court, at the back of Bradbury and Agnew's printing works. How comes that arched alley-way there? This book tells us. At the exact

spot stood in the Middle Ages the "little gate" of the great and opulent monastery of Carmelite, or White, Friars. The great gate was at the top of the present Bouverie Street, but the little gate must have been allotted to tradesmen and such humble persons, and we may assume was the unobtrusive portal of the friars themselves. It had, no doubt, a porter's room over the gate, and when Henry VIII. seized the monastery and gave most of it to his physician, the famous Dr. Butts, whose portrait is preserved to us in the Barber-Surgeons' Hall, this gate would go with it. The next generation of Fleet Street builders left this right-of-way open when they removed the gate, and thus it is that the Carmelites' back-door still remains a London thoroughfare—unobtrusive, yet full of meaning.

It is curious to reflect on the little influence which great names had on the street nomenclature of the Plantagenets and the Stuarts. Fortune is as capricious as usual in regard to this sort of posthumous fame. No street or square or alley within "the one square mile" commemorates the genius of Cromwell or of Burleigh, of Marlborough or of Wellington, of Nelson, Hampden, Pym or Strafford. Even the majestic name of Milton, which was applied to Pope's "Grub Street" in 1830 was given in honor of the carpenter and builder who owned the lease of the houses, and not of the great citizen of London who enriched alike our laws and literature. Instead of the great names which blazon the page of history we have here obscure men whose memories have been preserved, "like flies in amber," by the indomitable conservatism of the English people. Bartlett's Buildings in Holborn Circus still remind us of Thomas Bartlett, King's Printer to Edward VI., who owned "The Plow" in Fetter Lane, while hard by Baldwin's Gardens, in Gray's Inn Road, have conferred immortality on Richard Baldwin, gardener to Queen Elizabeth. He built the street in 1589 on the fringe of that Ely House estate of which his high-handed mistress had unceremoniously deprived the Bishop of Ely for the benefit of her favorite, Hatton. Ireland Yard, just behind the "Times" office, was named after the Ireland family, but its real claim to fame is that Shakespeare bought a house there in 1612. Haydon Square, now a gigantic railway goods yard in the Minorities, tells us of the Haydons, one of whom was alderman, while another was Master of the Ordnance in 1627, when cannon were still made of leather with iron hoops, and their range was so limited that the gunners of the Tower were able, without injury to the lieges, to practice every week on the Old Artillery Ground, which occupied only the space from the present Middlesex Street to Spital Square. Another of these quaint relics of the past affords us a link with the wars of to-day—Ypres Inn, which in the twelfth century stood on the north side of the still existing street, Great St. Thomas the Apostle. It was built by William of Ypres, a Fleming, who came with others to the aid of King Stephen against the Empress Maud, and was so high in favor with his employer that he erected this mansion near the Tower Royal, where King Stephen, for greater safety, was then lodging. Did the common Londoner call him William of Wipers in those far-off days, one wonders? He certainly had a genius for Anglicizing foreign names, as one may learn from "Hangman's Gains." This square, swallowed up in the construction of St. Katharine's Dock in 1825, was called after the Protestant weavers of Hammes and Guisnes who came over in the reign of Elizabeth and settled there.

As one goes over the extinct street-names of London which have succumbed to street improvements or to more fastidious manners, one is delighted by the directness and bluntness of these "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech" which went right to the main fact of the locality, whether it was a trade nuisance or a tavern sign. How badly our modern Queen Victoria Streets and Australian Avenues and Palmerston Buildings compare with Do Little's Yard, Stinking Lane, Blowbladder Street, Mousetrap House (a place of light resort in that Fleur-de-Lis Court, Fetter Lane, where Dryden lived and Frederic Harrison lectured), Green Lattice Lane, Labor-in-Vain Yard, Hog Lane, Gingerbread Court, Dog's Head and Pottage-pot Alley and Bandy-leg Alley, which our ancestors fitted to their streets. In all these vanished alleys the late Mr. Henry Harben, who will be remembered as a Moderate member of the L.C.C., and the donor to its library

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of his valuable collection of books, maps, and prints, was as thoroughly at home as if he had lived in them. His book is arranged in dictionary form to facilitate reference, and as he has gone to ancient charters, deeds, close rolls, rate-books, and other original sources, it will be the final authority on all questions relating to the locality of London streets and to the origin of their names. One or two trifling slips may be pointed out, not to detract from the accuracy of this volume, but rather that they may be corrected in another edition. At page 272 Great Prescott Street is—we believe correctly—designated as the first street in which house-signs were superseded by numbers, but on page 364 the honor is given to New Burlington Street. The removal of Temple Bar took place in the nineteenth, and not the eighteenth century (page 296), and the Central Criminal Court, demolished a few years ago, stood south (not north) of the present building. A similar slip applies to Ludgate Arcade, which is on the south side of Ludgate Hill, not the north. Lombard Street, Whitefriars, has now been renamed "Lombard Lane" by the L.C.C. But these are trifles, and this book, the result of thirty years' study and research, is a fitting monument to its public-spirited author.

#### GLORIA MUNDI.

**"Memories of Sixty Years."** By the Right Honorable the EARL OF WARWICK AND BROOKE. (Cassell. 12s. 6d. net.)

"SOMETIMES ON a winter afternoon," observes the Earl of Warwick at the conclusion of his volume of reminiscences, "when there are no visitors, and a great log fire is burning on the hearth, I sit in an armchair and commune with the past, recalling the days of keen enjoyment which are the landmarks in a life." What inspiring visions do these words not conjure forth! Owner of a noble name, of broad lands and smiling fortunes, of castles cradled in history and saturate with beauty, Lord Warwick is one of the few set apart by fate to follow unrestrained the ineffable example of the lily. Here, one feels, is a life free for the furtherance of ideal ends. Here wealth and leisure can be given without reserve to the pursuits of wisdom, art, the pleasures of the imagination, the refinements of social intercourse, the Good of Man. "Looking back," says Lord Warwick, "I see that I have been able throughout my life to choose my pleasures, and that I have always taken those I liked the best." Glorious boast! Well, the choice has been, after all, for the Strenuous Life. Rising often as early as 7 a.m., sometimes with only a sandwich lunch, Lord Warwick has trudged the heather for long days, even in raw mists or blinding rain; indifferent to catarrh, he has waded for hours the icy rivers of Ireland and Scotland; he has scaled the Scandinavian heights, crawled on his stomach along the prairies of East Africa, penetrated the Indian jungle and braved the Mexican mosquito. And he has had his reward. "In my lifetime I have enjoyed," says Lord Warwick, "the cream of the world's sport." Not a chink on the walls of the hall at Easton (scene of the Earl's most darling reveries) but does not bear witness to the memory of some perfect moment. There, in glass cases, are the casts of two great salmon, powerful creatures whose long-drawn-out death agonies afford the angler so pure an hour's happiness; opposite are two Reeve's pheasants, rare and wonderful visitors from China, done to death on a Norfolk preserve; above them are two antlered heads of the forest's monarchs, a twelve-pointer from Glenfeshie, and a sixteen-stone stag, finest of all his tribe, shot in the leg and pursued thus wounded "for a strenuous hour," till agony and exhaustion brought him within range of Lord Warwick's gun. Dotted about on either side are the heads of African deer and East African antelope, "so quick in pace, so graceful in action"; whilst two sets of rhinoceros' horns, the heads of a Thompson gazelle, an eland bull, two buffalo, and the long patient neck of a giraffe, complete the mural decoration. A tiger's skull grins from a table, and skins of zebra, leopard, and Polar bear adorn the floor. These emblems are, of course, the merest symbol of Lord Warwick's life-work. Of the countless millions of birds, beasts, and fishes slain by him in the course of a long career nothing now, not even their memory, remains. Not to the true sportsman, however, is this any subject for regret. It matters nothing that

the skins of seven tigers, shot in Brahmaputra were spoilt in the curing, thus depriving their deaths of even a door-mat value. Nor should we repine that the sixty-four marhir, largest of thirty caught in a single morning, was thrown away with the rest—"marhir fish unfortunately not being fit to eat"; that the tarpon, whose chase was estimated as costing the party £300 a fish, were left to rot upon the beach—"tarpon being useless to man or beast." We need not even mention that for table purposes the zebra, giraffe, and rhinoceros are barely suitable, the tiger, leopard, and Polar bear not at all. For it was no mere practical end that urged Lord Warwick to maim, slay, and torture so many joyous and innocent lives. The perfect uselessness of his sport is the patent of its nobility.

Out of the sixteen chapters of these memoirs, eight are devoted exclusively to the great Theme; in the others, though purporting to treat of different subjects, it is never far away. Turning to "Memoirs of the Reigning House," we read, "Queen Victoria, needless to say, took no interest in sport." Prince Albert, on the other hand, "was fond of a gun," though it was his unhappy fate "not to see the perfection of the hammerless ejector." Prince Leopold, "too delicate to handle sporting rifle, shot gun, or even salmon rod," fell back on the feeble consolations of literature; but King George, we shall all be glad to learn, "is a keen and skilled fisherman." Of the old Duke of Connaught we read that he was "a keener sportsman than the Duke of Cambridge"; Lord de Bath "was a good shot and a keen sportsman," but, "By the way, Cora Lady Strafford did not shoot." Pitiful was the fate of the Duke of Clarence, cut off in his flower, just as he was "shaping to be a true sportsman." Lord Warwick's brother Alwynne,

"... himself a very keen sportsman, did his best to make the Duke of Clarence an enthusiast, and he told me that the Duke met him half-way and promised to develop into something out of the ordinary. Very few young men have passed so early from a life that had so much to offer."

King Edward was noted for his keen eye for a misplaced sock and his excellent temper out pheasant shooting. An accomplished monarch, he owned but a single defect. "The one thing that has always worried me," says Lord Warwick, "is that the salmon had no appeal to him."

Is the great career followed by Lord Warwick with such disinterested devotion all his life—perhaps the only ideal to which the aristocracy have been permanently faithful—seriously threatened? It would seem so.

"In my day (says Lord Warwick) it sufficed to be an agreeable young man, equipped with a modest independence and real skill at some sport to have the very best of times."

But the old order is changing; and the conclusion is forced upon Lord Warwick that the great days of his aristocracy are over, and "that my sons and grandsons will have nothing like the good times I have enjoyed." If the war, which has spared neither gun nor gamekeeper, but left the deer, the pheasant, and the fox in temporary security, should turn the ruling members of the returning armies from thirst for slaughter to sane ambitious and civilized pursuits, then, indeed, the foundations of society will have been overturned.

#### OLD KING COAL.

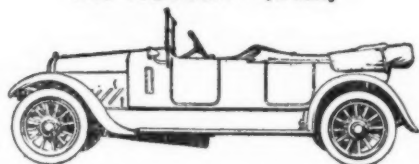
**"King Coal."** By UPTON SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE discussion as to whether a pamphlet can or cannot be a work of art bears something of the same relation to the world of letters that the determinist controversy did to theology. Like so many other of the curious speculations that have occupied the unconquerable mind of man, everybody was bored to heresy with it, and yet everybody felt it his bounden duty to continue the discussion. So with the pamphlet business. A pamphlet is not of course a work of art, and yet somehow a work of art is a pamphlet. When Blake wrote, "The soldier armed with sword and gun, Palsied strikes the summer sun," he was writing a Pacifist tract in miniature, though few would venture to deny the achieved poetic vision to the poem in which those lines occur. But we can safely go much further than this. Coleridge, we may say, wrote a pamphlet on kindness to animals called "The Ancient Mariner"; Wordsworth in "Intimations," on the Problem of the Relation of the God-



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head to Pre-Existence; Shakespeare, in "Lear," on the evil consequences of ingratitude; Chaucer, a Plea for Tolerance in Sexual Relationships in "Troilus and Cressida"; while Milton made so bold as to justify the ways of God to man in a kind of headline to his treatise. But we do not call the plays of Brieux (let us be indulgent to past indiscretions) works of art any more than we do those quaint sheets recently circulated by the National War Aims Committee. One might almost sum up the distinction thus: The pamphlet makes a deliberate point of drawing a single moral: the work of art makes an indirect point of drawing several. Or, again, the pamphlet tells you precisely what it wants and means, while the work of art leaves you to tell yourself. And yet, while keeping the two essentially and uncompromisingly apart, we must bear in mind that though subject-matter is the significance of the pamphlet and not of the work of art, we do, and quite justly, apply certain artistic values and tests to the method by which the former is treated and presented.

Let us approach Mr. Sinclair from this last point of view and say that "King Coal" is not literature, not even, we suppose, a legitimate novel. It is a prosecution, a J'Accuse, but conducted with such force, skill, feeling, and eloquence that we are tempted to overlook the imaginative loss which in every pamphlet, however true and brilliant, drawn up in novel form, we cannot but be sensible. As the subject is the thing in a book of such fine and noble special pleading, no apologies are due to the reader for telling him what it is. Using quite slight and conventional properties, Mr. Sinclair describes the son of an American coal-baron, Hal Warner, a University student, finding employment as a working man in one of the mining camps of a friend of his father's situated on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. This "coal-camp" has no union, and the company in consequence treats its men as though they were negro slaves. If the men are not organized, the hirelings of the company are. An elaborate system of espionage quells every tentative expression of discontent, and any man discovered fomenting it and even venting the mildest protest against the intolerable lot of his fellows is not only instantly "fired," but set upon and sometimes killed by the hired "thugs" and "gunmen" of the owners. In the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains, accidents due to the combustion of coal-dust are frequent, but the company will not go to the expense of having the mines sprinkled. The monstrous system of fines for the breaking of arbitrarily-created laws, the deliberate encouragement of drunkenness (the company owns the saloons), extortionate prices for food and clothing (the company owns the stores), every device of robbery, cruelty, terrorism, and persecution (Mr. Sinclair gives a horrible picture of the savagery of the camp-marshals and pit-bosses) is made known to our young sociologist. The really astonishing revelation is that the company deprive the men by force and fraud of the very elementary privileges as workers and human beings legalized by the State. Warner, therefore, when he induces the men (by a conspiratorial finesse which reminds us of Old Russia more than the land with its Statue of Liberty) to choose him as their deputy to check the weighing-in of the coal and prevent the pit-bosses cheating the men of the fruits of their daily output, is "thugged," imprisoned, and in danger of losing his life for an action supported by the laws of the State. No political or legal redress is possible to the miners for the usurpation of their rights, since the entire official apparatus—police, press, legislature—is dominated by the company. An explosion takes place and a hundred men are entombed. The company has the entrance to the shaft boarded up, leaving the survivors to starve to death in the galleries, in order to prevent internal fires from consuming the coal. At the second mine, jeopardized by the explosion in the first, the pit-boss beats off the frantic women and shouts to the rescuers, "Damn the men! Save the mules!" The climax of this terrible book is reached at this point, when the men, at the breaking point of despair, form a union under Warner's leadership and carry on a peaceful secret propaganda, in spite of the dismissal of all their leaders and the incitements to violence of *agents provocateurs*.

Though to the sceptical Mr. Sinclair's denunciation must read like a cinema melodrama, and even to the initiated like a chapter from the early history of trade

unionism, the author makes the explicit statement in a postscript that these conditions prevailed in 1913-1914 "in unorganized labor-camps in many parts of America":—

"Practically all the characters are real persons, and every incident which has social significance is not merely a true incident, but a typical one. The life portrayed in 'King Coal' is the life that is lived to-day by hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in this 'land of the free.'"

We are pretty well acclimatized to horrors nowadays, but it is doubtful whether anyone, even the most indurated, can read this powerful and sombre record of greed without a shudder and without marvelling not that the labor outbreaks in America are so fierce but that they have not tipped over into the anarchy of a bloody vengeance. Surely the one lesson that history can teach us of suffering humanity is its patience!

## The Week in the City.

ALTHOUGH the New York Stock Exchange is in a nervous and panicky condition, owing to the heavy declines in American securities which have been taking place for the last five or six weeks, our own Stock Markets are remarkably firm on the whole. The Italian exchanges, of course, are maintained by artificial means, and Italian securities (unlike Russian) are hardly known in this country. There is plenty of money, thanks to the affluence of innumerable war profiteers, and many of them are using surplus funds for speculative purchases. This I was told by a good broker, who regrets that his patriotic advice to clients to put all their money into war loans is persistently neglected. Stock Exchange men recognize that the Italian collapse is fatal to the Knock-Out Blow policy, and they are trying to estimate its probable effect on the duration of the war. One member, who has covered himself with wounds and glory, told me he thought it would shorten the war, because the Italian claims to Austrian territory would no longer be a barrier to peace. Unfortunately, there is not so much confidence as one could wish in the rallying power of the Italian Army. Perhaps the worst feature of the markets just now is the pessimism about Russia's future. Most of the Russian securities, which used to be such favorites, are now practically unsaleable, and the prices are nominal. On the other hand, Scandinavian securities are being sold at quite extraordinary prices, and a steady stream of them (favored by adverse exchanges) is flowing back to these three (financially) prosperous countries. The holders of Scandinavian securities may certainly count themselves lucky amid the general débâcle of gilt-edged stocks. From a few typical ones which I have traced, I should say that the rise since the war has been from 15 to 20 per cent. After the war they are pretty certain to drop considerably from their present levels. Thursday's news from Russia had practically no effect on the Stock Markets.

### THE SHIPPING ACTIVITY.

Periods of activity visit the market for shipping shares from time to time and this week has seen an unusual amount of excitement in that department. For this a number of rumors of further absorptions are responsible, the impression apparently being that the large companies are finding it worth their while to buy up the smaller ones in order to maintain or increase the size of their own fleets rather than wait for vessels that are building for them. Some ground for this belief is given by the purchase of the Hain Steamship Co. by the P. & O. last week, particulars of which were given in this column in the previous issue. In this case, the purchasing company, it will be remembered, offered £80 per share for shares which were quoted on the Cardiff Stock Exchange at 34. If the large companies can afford to pay such favorable prices in order to obtain control of the smaller fleets it naturally follows that prices of the shares of the smaller companies are pushed up. The latter show the largest rises this week, but the larger companies have also partaken of the upward movement.

Cunards and Royal Mails have not yet moved from the end of October quotation, but will probably do so before long if the upward movement is sustained. It may be observed that pre-war prices have been left far behind, a fact which cautious investors will do well to bear in mind.

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